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"WELL, GOOD-NIGHT, DOT," BERTRAND SAID. A STIFLED CRY CAME FROM THE GIRL'S THROAT.

THE HEART OF FIRE; OR, MOTHER VERSUS DAUGHTER. A REVELATION OF CHICAGO LIFE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

Author of "The Ace of Spades," "The Scarlet Hand," "The Witches of New York," Etc.

CHAPTER V. WIRT'S DEVICE.

Wirt followed the directions of his friend and looked across the street. As Kelford had said, the girl had left the window. In the back of the store she was hidden from view.

"She will go home soon?"

"Yes," Kelford replied, "she has worked later than usual to-night. She generally starts for home about nine."

"Where does she live?"

"Across the river, on the west side, in Halstead street near Madison."

"What is your object in watching her go home?"

"First, for the pleasure of looking at her. You've no idea how prettily she trips along the street; and, secondly, because fate may throw in my way, on her homeward path, a chance to become better acquainted with her."

Wirt looked inquiringly.

"It is just possible that some drunken fellow coming from one of the saloons some night, and seeing her—a young and pretty girl—alone and unprotected, may offer her insult."

"Ah, I see," cried his companion. "In that case you will come to the rescue, floor the ruffian, offer the lady your arm, and see her safely to her own door, thereby becoming acquainted with her, and perhaps receiving an invitation to call upon her at some future time?"

"Exactly!" laughed the lover.

"Well, upon my soul, you are the queerest of lovers. You are actually wishing that your lady-love should be insulted by some ruffian!"

"But you understand the reason why, do you not?"

"What a pity that fate can't send the fellow, and give you a chance to accomplish your design. But, by Jove, I've got it!" cried Wirt. "Look at me, and he pulled his black felt hat down over one eye in a rakish manner. 'I'm the ruffian!'"

Kelford stared at his friend in astonishment, and shook his head. "It's a failure, Wirt; you don't look like a ruffian."

"Well, a Wabash avenue sport on a 'tear.' How is that?"

"Very good; but, your plan?"

"To lay in wait in some dark spot on Madison street till the girl comes along; then pretend to be a little 'how come you so,' and speak to her. You can be right behind her; step up; I'll apologize; you can offer the lady your arm, gallivant her home, and win her eternal gratitude."

Kelford could not help laughing as Wirt developed his idea.

"I've a mind to try your plan."

"That's right!" cried Wirt, who dearly loved a joke. "If my memory serves me, there's a rather dark block about this time of the night, just after you pass Desplaine street. That will suit our purpose excellently. I'll just wait here until the girl comes out, so that I can see what sort of a

CHAPTER VI. A TIGER THAT SHEDS ITS SKIN.

As Bertrand Tasnor looked in the mirror that hung on the wall before him, and saw reflected there the glittering knife and the upraised hand of the woman ready to strike him, he felt that he was higher death than he had ever been before in all his stormy career. Cold drops of sweat started out in big beads upon his forehead; he seemed petrified with horror; his limbs were powerless. In the glass he saw clearly the fierce blue eyes of the girl, now tinged black with passion.

The suspense lasted but a moment, although it seemed hours to the threatened man.

The girl saw that, by the aid of the looking-glass, her position was revealed to the stranger.

Quick as thought the expression of her face changed; the tiger became a woman.

With a low, musical laugh, she tossed the knife over the bar; the weapon struck the floor with a heavy clang.

The noise seemed to dissolve the spell that had fettered with its magic power the iron limbs of Bertrand. He wheeled around in his chair and faced the woman, who now stood smiling sweetly in his face. The pupil of the eye had contracted again, and naught could be read there but peace and gentleness.

"Only a joke, sir," she said, in the low, sweet voice that was so full of liquid music. "I only wished to see if you could be frightened easily. I knew that you could see me in the glass. It was a foolish thing for me to do, but I could not resist the impulse. I hope you will forgive me, sir." And she dropped a low courtesy as she spoke.

The landlord behind the bar, who had been transfixed by amazement at this strange scene, shook his head and muttered to himself.

"Cuss me, ef I didn't think the gal had gone crazy, an' was a-goin' for to stick him right in the back. Ef she had, he'd never knowed what hurt him, for Lurle's got an arm just like steel, little as it is," he said.

"A joke, eh?" said Bertrand, coolly. All traces of his late terror had disappeared. He surveyed the face of the beautiful, golden-haired sprite before him. There was a peculiar look in his dark eyes, but it was not curiosity that shone therein.

"Yes, sir, only a joke."

"Ah!" Now there was a peculiar sound in the voice of the ex-Confederate captain. The "ah" sounded like a sneer.

"You are very brave, sir," said the girl, looking cunningly in the face of the stranger, and trying the whole effect of her magnificent eyes upon him.

Few men had ever looked into the face of the woman, called Lurle Casper, without loving her. But the stranger seemed insensible to the play of the passionate eyes.

"Do you think so?" said Bertrand, carelessly, and looking into her blue eyes with as much unconcern as if they had been of

colored glass. The subtle magnetism of the orbs was evidently thrown away upon the steel-nerved stranger.

"Yes, you did not move at all; you did not even wink. You must have looked death in the face many times to see it apparently so near without fear," and the girl came nearer to Bertrand, and rested her arm on the back of his chair.

"Possibly it was because I hardly had time to realize that I was in danger. Who would expect danger to come from a fair little hand like this one?" and Bertrand took one of Lurle's hands within his own.

The girl shuddered, despite herself, when the bronzed hand of the "ex-Road Agent" closed over her taper fingers. She felt as if grasped by a corpse. A sickening sensation of fear crept over her soul. Her heart was chilled with terror, yet it was a heart of fire, where passion's flame burnt unchecked and unrestrained. The white eyelids, fringed by the long, golden lashes, came down on the pale cheeks.

A look of fierce joy—of triumph—glared in the full, dark eyes of Bertrand as he noticed this agitation.

"What's the matter, little one? Your hand trembles in mine," he said, in his usual cold, impassive way.

"Your hand is so cold; it is like ice," she answered, withdrawing her own from his grasp.

"A cold hand, eh?"

"Yes."

"That signifies that I have a warm heart—you know the saying?"

"Yes."

"Do you believe in it?"

"I do not know."

The girl seemed strangely ill at ease.

"What do you think?" Bertrand was curious.

"I have never thought about it," she said, simply.

"Ah, that is because you are so young; when you are older—when you fall in love with some dashing, young fellow—then you may think about it; and mind, remember my words, a cold hand and a warm heart always go together." As Bertrand spoke he watched the face of the girl, covertly, not so she could detect his watching; watched her as eagerly as the eagle does the quarry that he is about to swoop down upon.

His words seemed to lift a weight from the mind of the girl. She breathed easier, and a quick flash of delight passed rapidly over her face. The keen eye of Bertrand caught the expression, and an odd smile appeared about the corners of his mouth.

"How old do you think I am?" she asked.

"It is hard for me to guess," he said, slowly; "the age of a woman is so difficult to guess sometimes. Why, I have met women of thirty-four who did not look a day older than a girl of eighteen."

Again the look of fear came over Lurle's face as Bertrand spoke. Yet he uttered the words carelessly, as if he attached no particular meaning to them. But, again, the peculiar smile was on his face as he noted the effect of his words. The shot that he had aimed had struck home.

"But," continued Bertrand, "I should think that you were about eighteen, or perhaps not as old as that. Am I right?"

"Yes," she said. Again his words had lifted the shadow from her being that his former speech had cast there.

"I thought I could guess your age correctly."

"You do not feel angry with me for my joke with the knife?" she said.

"Angry with you? Of course not," he replied, quickly.

"I am glad of that, for I have taken quite a fancy to you, and of course I wish to be friends with you," and she looked up into his face again with the blue eyes, now so mild in their tenderness.

"Oh, we are friends—the best of friends," Bertrand said, smoothly; but there was a metallic ring in his voice that grated harshly on the ear of the girl.

The secret instincts of her soul told her that, despite his fair words, Bertrand Tasnor was an enemy and no friend to her.

"Let us be better acquainted," she said, in her simple way. "My name is Lurle Casper, what is yours?"

"My name?" said Bertrand, with a peculiar look upon his handsome features.

"Yes, you do not mind my knowing it?"

"No, of course not. My name is Gilbert Smith."

The blue eyes cast a quick glance at him from under their golden lashes, but he did not seem to notice it; he, whose quick eye nothing escaped.

Bertrand drank his ale at a single draught.

"Now," he said, rising, "I should like to see my room. I am pretty well tired out, and shall sleep sound to-night."

The tiger look was in the blue eyes of the girl, as he spoke, but in a second it faded out.

"Yes, sir," she said. "Rick!"

In answer to her call a hunchback boy entered the room—a wee, little fellow, with a withered-up face and an attenuated form. Though puny and feeble in body, he apparently was not so badly off in mind, for the little yellow-gray eyes, that peeped out from the shock of bright red hair, that covered the head and hung low down on the forehead, had a gleam of intelligence in them.

"Rick," said the girl, "show this gentleman to No. 10."

"Yes, missus," said the boy, in a shrill and feeble voice. Then he held the door open for the stranger to pass through.

"Good-night, Miss Lurle; I shall see you in the morning," said Bertrand, moving toward the door.

"Yes," the girl answered, a strange expression upon her features.

"Well, good-night, Dot," Bertrand said. A stifled cry came from the girl's throat; she reeled, and but for the support of Bertrand's arm, who sprang to her side, she would have fallen.

"What's the matter?" he asked, apparently astonished at the girl's sudden faintness; yet there was a gleam of triumph in his eyes that did not suit with his words.

"A sudden faintness—that is all," Lurle murmured, with blanched lips. "What did you call me?" she asked, slowly.

"Why, Dot; you are a dot of a girl, you know," Bertrand said, with a frank and open air.

"I felt faint, just as you spoke; I—I did not hear what you said exactly, but I fancied that you called me by some other name than my own of Lurle." The face of the girl, as she spoke, was as white as the face of one dead.

"It was only a fancy of mine, that's all. Good-night," Bertrand left the room, followed by the boy, a smile of triumph on his face.

The landlord had watched all with a curious eye.

"He knows me, father! He will be my ruin!" Lurle cried, with flashing eyes.

CHAPTER VII.
GUARDING AGAINST THE BLOW.

Bertrand followed his odd-looking guide, Rick, up-stairs. The hunchback carried in his hand a small coal-oil lamp, the light from which illuminated the entry, though but dimly.

As Bertrand followed up the creaky stairway strange thoughts were in his mind.

"Have I acted prudently," he muttered, to himself, with an overcast brow; "prudently?" and a smile curled the corners of his mouth. "That's a strange word to come from the lips of Captain Death, as my poor fellows out in the mines used to call me. But now I am not in Colorado or Montana, but in Chicago; here I will not meet open force from my foes, but secret cunning. Was it wise then to let this golden-haired devil—for she is one—see that I had guessed her secret? I could not resist the impulse to call her by the old, old name. If she does know me—if that's folly; she knew me the moment she looked in my face. I could see it in her eyes, and by my cursed carelessness I have let her see that I, too, remember as well as she. I am in danger, then; now to prepare to meet it. I am in a trap here; she has all the advantages. I need allies. Where can I find them?" And as he asked the question, Rick, the hunchback boy, who had reached a turning fin the narrow stairway, stopped and flashed the light full in the face of Bertrand.

"Look here, mister; there is a hole in the stairs here," and he pointed to it as he spoke. "If you ain't keeful, maybe you'll put your foot into it."

Bertrand mentally said to himself that he had probably put his foot into it—as the saying is—when he had entered the door of the Kanaksee House.

"All right, my lad; I'll look out for it, so go ahead, Rick," he answered, to the boy's warning.

A gleam of pleasure flashed across the face of the hunchback when the stranger called him by name.

"How did you know what folks called me?" he asked, in astonishment.

"Why, didn't I hear the lady call you by name, and an odd one it is too?" Bertrand answered.

"So you did; look out for the hole, mister." The boy again went on up the stairway.

"I asked for allies, and fate has sent them to me, or at least sent one ally, and perhaps, in this case, this one may be worth a dozen," murmured Bertrand, as he followed the boy.

"This little fellow has a shrewd eye in his head; he's no fool, ugly as he is. Perhaps we'll have the old fable of the mouse and the lion over again? I will play the lion in the net of the hunters, and this lad, who, like Atlas, carries a world on his shoulders, shall be the little, nibbling mouse to gnaw the cords and set the captive free. But, first, I must win him to my side. That will not be a hard task. The devil, who seems to have presided at my birth, and since followed my fortunes faithfully, gave me the subtle gift of fascination. I have won strong men to peril life and limb for me, delicate and lovely women to give up home and friends and follow my desperate fortunes, and this hunchback boy shall be my follower too. By his aid I'll baffle this beautiful being, who has the face of Venus and the heart of Pluto. She will seek my life, I am sure of it, now that she knows who I am. She knows well enough that I have a good memory, and seldom let my debts of vengeance go unpaid. So, to prevent me from striking her, she will strive to be the first in the field and strike me."

Bertrand's musings were brought to a sudden end by the shrill voice of the hunchback. The boy threw open a door on the landing at the head of the stairs.

"This is your room, mister," he said.

Bertrand entered, the boy followed, and placed the light on the table.

The room that the two entered was small. In one corner was a little bed, the mattress covered only with coarse, gray blankets. A common little table, holding a tin can of water and a basin, with a single chair, comprised the furniture of the apartment.

A small window by the head of the bed looked out upon the darkness of the night.

Bertrand cast a glance around the room, then turned his attention to the boy.

"Well, Rick, this isn't the Sherman House, is it?" he said, in a cheery tone, seating himself carelessly on the foot of the bed, as he spoke.

"Not much, you bet!" replied the boy, emphatically.

"What does this window look out on?"

"The back yard."

"Let me see," said Bertrand, reflectively; "we are on the second story, ain't we?"

"Yes, the second above the saloon," the boy answered.

"How far is it from that window to the ground?"

"Forty foot."

"Into the yard?"

"Yes."

"Any dog in the yard?"

"Yes, a big bull-dog—such a rouser."

"I suppose he would attack any stranger in the yard?"

"You bet!" cried Rick, decidedly. "He 'bout gobbled up a country chap from Peoria t'other night, wot got out there."

"What's his name?"

"Pete; but 'tain't no use fur any one fur to call him, 'cos if he don't know 'em he'd only fly at 'em ten times worse," said Rick. Bertrand laughed quietly at the boy's speech. He saw that the quick-witted lad, who was not near as great a fool as he looked, had guessed the reason why he wished to know the name of the dog.

"You are bright, my lad, to guess a man's thoughts so quickly."

The boy smiled at the compliment. Kind words were rare to him.

"Is there any other door to this room?" Bertrand asked.

The boy hesitated a moment before he answered the question.

"No, mister," he said, at length.

"He is lying now," Bertrand said to himself. "I must win his confidence."

"By the way, Rick, I'm thirsty; can you get me about a pint of ale?" he said, aloud, and taking a ten-cent "stamp" from his pocket-book.

"Yes, mister," Rick took the money and left the room.

After the door closed behind the hunchback, Bertrand rose and commenced an examination of the apartment. Carefully he scrutinized all the walls.

"The boy was speaking truth, after all," he said, when he had completed his search, and stood leaning on the table; "there is no other door, yet I could have sworn that he was speaking falsely. But, let me examine this door."

A single glance showed him that it had a stout bolt upon it. He closed it and shot the bolt into its socket. It held the door firmly.

"Nothing wrong about that," he said; "no other door, either, and this one can't be forced without making some noise. I can't understand it," he said, softly and thoughtfully. "I have a presentiment that, if I go to sleep upon that bed to-night, I shall wake either in heaven or in the lower place—most probably the latter, if the doctrines that the ministers preach be true. But, to murder me, my assassin must first get into the room—get into it without alarming me—for the assassin that will seek my life knows that it is my custom to go armed; but now I haven't even a pen-knife upon me. One by one I have parted with my weapons that I might live. My bowie-knife kept me two days, my revolver a whole week, and now I am in the hands of the Philistines, helpless. But my foe doesn't know that I am weaponless. The game will be to enter this room without waking me; how can that be done?"

For a few minutes Bertrand puzzled over the question. His eyes wandered around the walls seeking an answer.

"By Jove! I have it!" he cried, at last. "No door in the wall, but perhaps a trap-door in the floor. Now for another search."

Bertrand examined the floor thoroughly, even moving the bed from its place, but no dark lines denoting the presence of a trap-door met his eye. He knitted his brows in anger. "Captain Death did not like to be beaten."

"Ah, this puzzles me!" he exclaimed; "the walls do not conceal a secret entrance, nor the floor; perhaps the ceiling may."

But the low, whitewashed ceiling that met his eye was as free from suspicious circumstances as the wall or floor.

"Bah! I am baffled!" he cried, a tinge of anger in his voice; then he resumed his former seat on the foot of the bed.

The boy though, may know, and if so, he shall speak."

Hardly had the words died away when Rick entered with a pitcher of ale and a glass.

"Only one glass?" cried Bertrand, as the boy closed the door, after depositing the articles on the table.

"One!" exclaimed the hunchback, in astonishment; "why, you don't want to drink out of two glasses at the same time, do you, mister?"

"No, the other glass is for you, my little man," replied Bertrand.

"What! me drink with you?" Rick cried, in amazement.

"Of course," Bertrand filled up the glass, and offered it to the boy. "Come, drink."

"Arter you, mister," said Rick, delighted at the honor.

"No, you first. I am the host, you the guest, and should drink first," exclaimed Bertrand.

The hunchback drained the glass, and offered it to the boy. "Come, drink."

"And now tell me, is there not some secret way of getting into this room?"

"Yes," answered the hunchback, in a whisper.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 30.)

TO HER.

BY ST. JOHN.

Now quiet, alone, with my own heart communing,
Darling, at peace, at my window I sit;
Slowly the hours are the midnight consuming,
High in the East the dark mountains are looming,
Over them all the dear star-flowers are blooming,
And fair are the visions that carelessly flit.

Oh, darling! my thoughts are of you, and the glory
That springs from your eyes, the pure soul's true
Reflection;
Of the love which I bear you, so blessed and holy,
Of the heart that I gave you completely and wholly,
Of the strength of my manhood given up to you
Solely,
Of the joy that will follow in glad introspection!
Dear loved one! Not words can interpret the passion.

That surges and beats 'gainst my heart like strong
Waves!
No pen can find hand that will write its expression,
No pencil can give it its fadeless impression,
No voice, in an anguish of contrite confession,
Is sublimer in depth than the love my heart pays!

See, darling! oh, see! the morning's first glances!
The sable of night lies unrighted away!
The bright star of day in great glory advances,
'Tis the star of our love, in my conquering fancies:
Now, the sun of fruition, with myriad fancies,
And the morn of affection melts into the day!

\$50,000 Reward:

OR,
THE ROMANCE OF A RUBY RING.

A PHILADELPHIA HISTORY AND MYSTERY.

BY WM. MASON TURNER, M. D.,

AUTHOR OF "MASKED MINER," "UNDER MALL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE GLEAM OF A KNIFE.

LADY MAUD started back and endeavored to shrink away as poor Sadie Sayton fell at her feet, and clasping her arms around her form, moaned out:

"Oh, pity me—pity me! Oh, say that you have come to release me!"

"Why, why, my child, what is the matter? Do not be alarmed," continued the woman, in a milder tone and gentler voice than she had used for years.

"Oh, madam! I want to go away from here. I am dying for air, and—and—I am so wretched!" and as the tears fell from her eyes, she clung to the Lady Maud more closely than ever.

The woman seemed more confused than ever, and then a soft shade grew over her naturally hard countenance. Despite the low light burning in the chandelier, she could see the sad, appealing face of the poor girl distinctly enough to let her know that there was much heart-suffering showing there.

But the Lady Maud answered not a word. There was a storm of wild emotion in her bosom. She was remembering other and happier days—she was recalling vividly other scenes of the past, when she was a—

"But, nonsense!" And by an effort she crushed down the thoughts which were rising up and choking her.

When she spoke again her voice was stern and harsh.

"Come, come, none of this nonsense around me, miss! We took you in when—when you seemed to be homeless, and when you are well enough you shall go. That's all."

"But—but—my dear madam, I—I am not sick and—yet—I feel faint!" moaned Sadie, as she suddenly tottered to her feet, and sunk down on the bed.

"Yes, you are sick!" said the woman, at the same time drawing near and seating herself by the bed; "and you must keep quiet until the physician comes; he has been sent for."

Sadie groaned and buried her fair face in the pillow.

The Lady Maud glanced at her covertly, and despite the recent change in her features and in her voice, a shade of sorrow—of yearning—lingered on her brow.

But she did not speak.

At length the girl turned her face toward her visitor, and, oh, how sad and touching was that face! She reached out one of her small, round hands, and laid it fearfully, tremblingly upon one of Lady Maud's.

"I—I am all alone in this great city," she murmured; "almost alone in the wide world. I have no one to befriend me here. And—and—I know it! I am the victim of some evil-disposed person or persons. Oh, madam, I never dreamed of sin, and—and—you are of my sex! You have a heart in your bosom. Oh, pity me! pity my youth, pity my misfortune, and save—save me from dishonor!"

"Dishonor, child? You speak wildly. What have you to fear here?" and she gazed Sadie in the face, though she started.

The poor maiden answered not; she simply glanced around the room at the warm-tinted paintings hanging on the walls; and then she carried her eyes back to the face of the Lady Maud.

Despite all she could do that woman let drop her own gaze, and a half shudder crept over her frame.

But she quickly rallied, and said, in a cold, heartless tone:

"You are prudish, girl; your rearing has been faulty. And—I can not help you!"

"Can not help me?" exclaimed Sadie, vehemently, sitting up on her elbow—her face paling, and her eyes starting from her head. "Oh, then you, admit my fears are well-grounded! you admit that I am en-

trapped, and that I stand in need of help! Oh, God, stand by me!" and she sunk back slowly on the bed again.

Lady Maud turned quickly to her, and laid her hand upon the girl's fair tresses.

"I tell you, my child, be not alarmed. I know your history, at least, partially. I know that you came hither seeking a false lover—nay, do not interrupt me—I know that you now distrust this lover yourself. That man is false to you! He loves another—a poor, beggarly girl—a common thing—one forced to act upon the boards for the bread she eats! You, my child, are young and beautiful; you can do better; you can have a richer suitor if you wish!"

And as she spoke she gazed intently into the fair face, shaded with its shining aureole, before her.

Sadie did not answer; she seemed stupefied, and she lay with her great blue eyes staring meaninglessly at the ceiling. She seemed scarcely to breathe.

Lady Maud still gazed at her, but would not interrupt the trooping thoughts, so dark and hideous, which were rioting through that young bosom.

She watched every quiver of the thin nostril—every twitching of the compressed lips, and she almost held her breath as she awaited the violent emotions to find vent and relief in words.

And Sadie still stared at the ceiling, and gradually the blood flowed away from her cheeks—then from her lips. A deadly pallor stole over her face, and then, as a low, anguished sigh moaned forth from her bosom, the girl's eyes slowly closed; and then, indeed, breathing seemed to cease.

Sadie had swooned.

Lady Maud suddenly arose to her feet, and leaned over her. Then she placed her hand upon her bosom, over the heart.

The woman started.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "is—is—she dead?" and then quickly leaning over, she placed her ear upon the almost pulseless breast.

Eagerly she listened for a moment, and then she raised her head. A smile was upon her face—one of satisfaction, almost of joy.

"No! no!" she muttered, "she lives, and, poor thing, she must have air!" she said.

She stepped immediately to the door, and gently opened it. The cool current swept into the warm, stifling room, rushed over the pallid face, and fanned back the waving, clustering hair.

The Lady Maud returned to the bed, and undid the fastenings around the throat of the poor girl—unbuttoned the tightly-fitting body, and spread open the snowy bosom, that the cool air might have full play.

As the woman placed her hand in the bosom to draw aside the clothing, she started and drew back.

She had dislodged from its hiding-place a small, slender, pearl-handled dagger. Lady Maud took it up, glanced at it, and held it up in the light.

A dark smile—one of triumph—crept over her face, and she quickly unsheathed the bright blade, and gripped the handle more firmly. She bent over the girl, and gazed down almost gloatingly upon the swelling bosom, so splendid—so glorious in its dead-white beauty, showing in the pale light.

"Would it not be well to send this dagger down deep into this stainless bosom? I know where the heart is! Then indeed she would be safe from all harm. Poor girl, from my heart I pity her; and I would shield her from this monster! This, this is the only way!"

She suddenly drew back the knife, until the bright blade flashed in the light.

CHAPTER XXII.

SIGNS OF MUTINY.

But the woman checked the vengeful yet pitying stroke. She turned her arm slowly aside, and gazed at the girl so helpless—so innocent.

"No, no, poor child! There may yet be a bright future for you. I'll leave you this weapon. Oh, my child! see to it that you use it well in your defense! For the tempter comes! He who would force you to need him for gold! Bury it in his heart; and then a righteous retribution will be meted out! Ha! she awakes! I will place the dagger away in its hiding place, and then be gone. Alas! alas! poor girl! May God watch over you, for now indeed you do need an all-healing physician!"

So saying, she sheathed the slender, glittering blade in its scabbard, and then softly hid it away in the bosom of the still unconscious girl. Then with one more pitying glance at the motionless figure, she hurried from the room, closing and locking the door on the outside. Then her steps died away faintly in the distance.

Wildern paused as Lady Maud shrunk away, his face grew black, a venomous fire shot from his eyes, and he turned suddenly upon the woman.

"And, my dear Lady Maud, did you speak words of sympathy with this girl?" he demanded, in a low, hissing voice, at the same time advancing a pace toward her.

The Lady Maud was watching him keenly. She retreated a step or so, and placed her hand menacingly in her bosom.

But she answered at once and very composedly:

"Had not my lips been locked up by a fearful oath to you, I would have done so.

For never have my hands been fouled with such work! More than that, Willis Wildern, I would have torn her from your grasp, and defied you to your teeth, had not that infernal oath bound me!"

The man reeled back.

A strange change had come over Lady Maud of late, that was certain.

Was she bold in some newly discovered secret of his, which might prove still more damning to him? Or was she well assured that between them, neither had the advantage? Or was she courting a rupture—nay, a bloody conflict, the issue of which would terminate the life which she was leading, and which she had admitted was distasteful to her? Or, again, was the Lady Maud—gnawed by the beak of conscience and harassed by the constant presence of trooping shadows—anxious to reform her moral life, to wander back again to the old neglected paths, which, once for her, bloomed with roses, and were lighted by the glad sunlight of happiness and love?

We can not pause now to answer these questions, or examine into them. This is very certain, the Lady Maud showed not the least fear of Willis Wildern, and kept him at a proper distance.

As we have stated, the man seemed staggered at the audacity of the woman's words. But he recovered himself as he said, in a firm, half-threatening tone:

"I understand you well, Lady Maud; and when this conquest is over, and such I swear it shall be, for that woman and her gold I will own, why, we will have a little talk, and see if we can not get along better together. But, not now. I have sworn a certain oath about this proud beauty—that I would humble her pride and make her bow to my will; and I have never left an oath unfulfilled. Now, Lady Maud, listen to a few words of advice from me. Nay, I can and will give advice! I know the relations between us as well as you do; I know the tie which binds us together—which compels you to be true to me—me to be true to you, and I shall not forget it. See to it that you do not! Interfere between me and what I claim as mine, and I tell you, Lady Maud, there'll be, between us, war to the knife! This house is mine—the money which has furnished it is mine—the right and title to every thing here is mine, and—"

"Aye! and the well-kept secret is yours too, Willis Wildern! Ha! ha! speak no more, man! and of all things avoid threatening me. I know you; you know me, you think! But I tell you, Willis Wildern, you dream not of the fire which slumbers within me! There! go now to your 'conquest'; I promise still to be true to you as long as marriage only is your aim. 'Tis enough." And she smiled disdainfully as she threw herself in a chair, and turned her face away.

For a moment Wildern gazed at her with the look of a fiend. Then, with a scornful laugh, he turned and left the room.

A moment or so his hand was upon the bolt of Sadie's room; but no one would have known him in his auburn hair and whiskers as the dark-bearded Willis Wildern.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE GLITTER OF STEEL.

The door yielded to Wildern's hand, and in an instant he stood within Sadie's room. For a moment he started and gasped for breath. The air of that room was absolutely poisonous to one like him, who lived so much in the outdoor atmosphere.

One greedy, vengeful glance toward the bed on which lay the unconscious maiden, and he muttered to himself:

"The ventilation is poisonous! It will kill her! Lady Maud should have fixed the damper."

Then he strode hurriedly to the chimney-place. Again he looked toward the bed, but she who lay there still moved not.

In a moment he stooped down, and reaching his hand well up into the flue, suddenly turned the flanges of a damper concealed there. Almost, instantly, a change was effected in the atmosphere of the room; a half-sullen roar swelled up the chimney, and suddenly Willis Wildern shivered as he stood in the strong draught.

He smiled with satisfaction to himself as he muttered again:

"By Jove! it works well! But 'tis enough now."

He stooped down, readjusted the damper, and again arose to his feet. Softly he turned toward the bed; in a moment he stood in a foot of the sorrowing girl.

Wildern's heart beat tumultuously as he stood over the form of Sadie Sayton. Wild commotions were holding a place in his bosom; diabolical dreams were floating through his brain.

"Good heavens!" he muttered; "a very queen! and mine at last!"

In an impulsive moment he leaned over her; the hot breath from his mouth smote her face.

Then he laid his hand convulsively upon her round, soft arm.

At that instant a wild shiver crept like lightning through Sadie Sayton's frame; the fleeting color came again to her lips and cheeks, and then her eyes opened.

One glance, and with a piercing shriek, the girl tore herself away from the villain's clutch, and sprung from her bed on the

farther side. Then, in a moment more, she had fled to the corner of the room, where she hastily cowered down.

Wildern, though startled at first, quickly recovered himself, and stood composedly gazing at the shrieking maiden.

"Be not alarmed, miss," he said, in a mild, bland voice, in tones, too, entirely different from those he was in the habit of using. "I am sent by the good lady to look after you. She said you were ill—picked up in the snow and so on. I am a physician. Come, come, my dear young lady, and be seated. I will not harm you."

And as he spoke he advanced toward her, as if to lead her to a chair.

In an instant Sadie was upon her feet, her eyes flashing fire, her whole frame dilating with indignation, yet trembling with fear.

"Stand back, sir!" she said, in as stern a voice as she could command; "approach me not! You are no physician! You are the villain who has entrapped me, and brought me here to work out my ruin! I know the place—oh, God, I know you—I know all!"

Wildern paused as if shot; a dark, foreboding frown crept to his face, and he gripped his hands viciously together.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, in his natural voice, which Sadie at once recognized as that of the man who had watched her so keenly at the theater, at times which, years ago, had sounded in her ears. "Then you are well informed. And, my pretty bird, did the woman give you all this news?" and he gazed her directly in the face.

The girl hesitated for a moment; she saw a malicious gleaming in the man's eyes. A sudden thought flashed over her. She was now well assured that she was right in her surmises; but she would not implicate the woman, who, whatever she was, was a woman, and one who had spoken a word or so, whether meant or not, which told her that deep down in her bosom she had a woman's sympathizing heart. She would shield this woman from the man's wrath, hoping for better things of her.

So, after this moment of hesitation, Sadie answered, simply:

"I learned what I have said, for myself; and I am now convinced from your conduct, sir, that I was not wrong. Shame on you, sir!" and her eyes flashed forth the scorn which was swelling in her bosom.

But Willis Wildern only laughed as he carelessly flung himself into a chair.

"Well, well," he said, in a low, insinuating voice, never removing his eyes from the glowing face before him, "granted that you are right in your conjectures, what then? Does that release you from this hospitable mansion? Ha! ha! my pretty one, you are now where few eyes seldom look. Yet, for all that, you need not be alarmed; in me, my fair miss, you have nothing to fear. Trust me, and all will be well."

"Trust you? Never! Oh, sir! I beg you let me go hence; I pray to you! Ay, I will kneel to you! I have an aged father, sir, who dotes on me—whose life is wrapped up in mine. A breath of suspicion against me, and he would go down to the grave with his gray hairs dishonored—go down cursing me—cursing the day when I was born to him! Oh, sir! I beg you, for your mother's sake, to let me go hence! I'll never breathe a word to living soul of my imprisonment here! I will—"

"Enough! enough! girl!" and his eyes glinted their dark fires as he spoke. "Think you, I could fling away this chance to win you? No, no! Do not kneel to me! Consent to be my lawful wife, and a life of happiness awaits you. Refuse, and, by all heavens, you shall die and rot here all alone! I never yield a point, or swerve from a course once marked out!" And he emphasized his last words with an oath.

Sadie Sayton uttered an agonizing cry, and sunk helpless in a chair.

The man said nothing, but looked at the girl as a fowler watches the game he has snared, and in his eyes the while, determined fires were burning brightly, moment by moment.

At length the girl looked up. Her face was as white as a winding sheet, her lips purple and compressed, the broad, smooth brow wrinkled into a frown of soul-suffering, the large blue eyes lack-lustre and dim. She endeavored to speak, but, at first, her lips refused to move.

Wildern gazed at her half-anxiously; but there was no pity in his look; all was power—remorselessness.

But Sadie Sayton at length said, in a voice just above a whisper, spoke the words as if she was temporizing:

"I can love but one man; I am pledged to that man already!" and she buried her face in her hands, as the dark, damning revelation of the night before rushed over her again with ten-fold strength.

"Ha! ha! pledged to another! Ay! and he, a strolling vagrant! a fourth-rate actor—a man who can neither appreciate you nor your beauty—a man who has deceived you, by toying with you and then giving his real love to one of his kind—a low-born, obscure actress, with no name and nothing else, save a faded childish face and oily tongue! Bah! I can read secrets, and I have already learned yours."

Sadie Sayton shook like a leaf, and then a vicious crimsoning passed over her cheeks; she raised her head and glared like a tigress in the face of the man before her.

"Give me the proof of this!" she gasped. "Give me the proof, or I'll brand you as a coward and a falsifier!"

Her eyes fairly blazed with angry lightning as she uttered the words above, nor did she remove her scintillating orbs from Wildfern's face.

The man sat upright at her vehemence, and the look of brutish admiration on his face grew intense. But then he smiled again, scornfully, as he said:

"Methinks, my pretty one, you do not need much proof after what you beheld last night through the window of the old house! Ha! ha! You see, my girl, I know every thing!"

Sadie again shrank away.

There was, indeed, but a faint hope that other proof of her lover's faithfulness would be required. She had not forgotten the sight she had seen in the house in Catherine street; she had not forgotten that in that house, so lonely, so deserted-like, she had seen Allan Hill holding in his arms a strange girl.

She shuddered, and her bosom heaved wildly; but she controlled herself as she said, in a low, decided tone:

"And yet, I must have other proof. Like me, he may have been the victim of design. No, no, man! I'll not distrust him. I know he is true to me still!"

Wildfern paused, and bent his head before he replied. When he looked up he asked, in an eager tone:

"And so you would have further proof, eh? Let me know if he were ornaments of value of any kind?" and he gazed her somewhat anxiously in the face.

Sadie did not answer at once. She had noted the quick, eager look—the anxious glitter in the man's eyes. But she was powerfully wrought upon; she was thinking of the diamond pin which she had given her lover, and the thought now rushed over her mind that this man knew something of that lover's gift.

But, with her heart in her mouth, she faltered:

"Yes, yes; he wore a diamond scarf-pin; it was made in the shape of a hand," and she watched his face.

For an instant Wildfern quailed under that look, and he bent his head to conceal his emotion. When he looked up and replied, his words were very serious.

"Then that pin shall be a proof for you," he said, decidedly. "He has given it to the girl he loves, and never wears it, himself, save on the stage. I will get that pin from the girl, for she does not love the man; she plays with him, to wheedle him out of his earnings. In less than twenty-four hours I will show you the jewel. If that will not be sufficient, I will, under certain conditions on your part, show you other sights. Till then I'll leave you. Ha! by Jove! 'tis later than I thought," he exclaimed, as he drew out his watch and glanced at it. "I must be off; but before I go, my sweet one, I claim just one kiss for keeping you company so long!"

As he spoke he sprung to his feet, and darted upon the girl. In the twinkling of an eye Sadie eluded him, and rushed behind the bed. The man was not to be deterred; he advanced upon her. The poor girl pleaded, but vainly.

Then a fixed determination grew upon her face.

"Stand back, sir! I am prepared, and will defend myself to the last!" and in a moment a bright blade flashed in her hand. Wildfern retreated, awed and astounded. Then, with the eyes of a basilisk, he glared at her. Summoning his courage, he made ready to dash upon her again.

But then there came a decided rap on the door.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WILLIS WILDFERN paused and stepped back hastily to the door. He opened it and looked out.

Lady Maud was standing there, and she said, in a low voice: "Wild Tom is at the door. As last night, he says his business is urgent."

Wildfern did not reply. He frowned slightly, and then turning his head, he gave Sadie a significant look, and, without any words, went out. He locked the door securely, and gave the key to Lady Maud.

The two hurried down-stairs—neither speaking. But when Wildfern had nearly reached the door at the street, he suddenly paused.

"By Jove! I forgot!" he exclaimed, and he took off the wig and false beard, and flinging them aside, went on.

"What luck, captain?" asked the woman, as if she had been making up her mind to put the question. Her voice trembled slightly. "Can you force her to wed you?"

"Luck? ha! ha! why, well, 'tis all right, or will be by the time I come again. But I have forgotten something else. If any one should come here to-morrow, Lady Maud, in answer to an advertisement, say that what they seek has been delivered up already. Do you understand?"

"Exactly, captain; and what is the advertisement?" asked Lady Maud, with some curiosity, a strange fire in her eye.

"You will know in good time, but not now," he hurried.

With that the man opened the front door and went out. At the bottom of the steps he joined another man, and together they hurried away. They took their way

up Locust street, and soon disappeared in the gloom.

That night, just before the performance at the Chestnut street theater was over, two men emerged from a court in Juniper street, between Chestnut and Market, and took their way stealthily along.

On reaching Chestnut street they hurried down until they were opposite the theater. Here, in the gloom of the overhanging houses, they paused and kept their eyes bent upon the theater, and on the corner at the drug-store.

Then, at last, the play was ended, and the crowd began to pour out into the streets; and then Frank Hayworth appeared in the crowd at the corner, and hurried down Twelfth street.

The men had seen him, and after noting the direction he had taken, they walked rapidly away down the same street, taking care to keep well ahead of the actor.

When Willis Wildfern had gone, Lady Maud leaned breathlessly against the door.

"Poor, poor thing—forced to marry a villain! and I can not help her! But, I'll see I'll see!"

She turned at once and went up-stairs. In a moment she was in Sadie's room again—a moment more she had the poor girl in her arms and murmured:

"Poor child, I pity you! I was not always as I am; and—and I will help you if I can."

Then Sadie answered, in a low, sweet whisper:

"God bless you! God bless you!" and clung to her the closer.

It was a very late hour when the Lady Maud left the room of the prisoner; and, as usual, she locked the door.

But, as the woman trod slowly down-stairs to seek her own secluded room, she muttered:

"I'll stand by her! And if no other means present for rescuing her, may God strike me dead, if I do not set—"

Here her voice sunk lower, and the rest of the words were lost as she suddenly hurried down-stairs.

We have left Agnes Hope in a rather cavalierly manner, unnoticed for sometime. It will be remembered, too, that we left her under rather peculiar circumstances.

We will now return to her lonely room, where she was so suddenly startled by the entrance of a man.

One glance at him who had entered thus unceremoniously, and Agnes uttered a cry, and staggered backward in her room.

The man paused for a moment, and leered like a demon at her.

"Ha! Agnes Hope, you did not expect me; but you did another! Ha! ha! I am ahead of him!" and he advanced boldly into the room.

"You here, Willis Wildfern!" exclaimed the maiden, shrinking still further from him, and raising her hands as if to ward him off.

The man laughed.

"There is no need to answer that question, Agnes, seeing that you know me," he said. "You see I have long promised you a visit, and I thought to-night was as good a time as any. Besides that, this is my house, and I suppose I have a right to come into it, eh?"

"This room is sacred to me, Willis Wildfern, and you know it. You certainly are aware of my recent affliction; are you not man enough to respect me in my sorrow?"

For a moment the fellow cast his eyes down, and it really seemed that a shade of remorse flitted over his face. But he quickly looked up, and certainly there was no such shade there then.

"Why, Agnes Hope, I could not prevent your mother from dying. That was the doctor's business. Nor have I—for I must be candid—any extra amount of sorrow at the calamity. All I care for is my rent for the last two months. Have you got it?" and he smiled satanically in her pale, haggard face.

The poor girl started perceptibly, and her frame shook violently. But her emotion passed off, and she said, in a low voice:

"'Tis a strange time—an unseasonable hour—for to come for your money."

"That is not the question, Agnes Hope; I choose my own time for doing what I please—remember that! Have you the money for the rent, and can you settle now?" and he advanced a step nearer to her.

The girl looked at him with affright, and retreated still further into the room.

"I have always, always, paid you, Mr. Wildfern," she gasped, "but I have not the money now. I do not earn much; and I had to purchase things for my poor mother, sir!" and she broke down from emotion.

"Then get your lover, Frank Hayworth, to pay it for you!" exclaimed the man, rudely. "I am sure you are not chary with your favors to him!"

"Monster! villain! What mean you?" exclaimed the girl, her frail form dilating with sudden indignation, her eyes flashing fire. She half-advanced upon the man.

"I have touched you tenderly, I see, my charmer," said Wildfern, with a sneer. "But, I will answer your question: I mean that you love this actor too much for a sister, that is, some would think so. There, is that plain enough?"

"Oh, wicked villain! despicable wretch that you are!" exclaimed the girl, her whole being worked up to an ungovernable degree. "I fling back your words! I scorn them! and spit upon you! Begone, sir, and leave me alone with my sorrow!" Begone, sir, and respect a friendless woman. Begone! for I loathe the sight of you!" and she indignantly waved him from the room.

But Wildfern did not move; he stood perfectly quiet, and smiled wickedly.

"No, no, Agnes Hope, I'll not go!" he said, in a low, determined voice. "I came on a double business; when it is accomplished expect me to go, and not before! Need I recall to you an old-time tale, Agnes Hope? Methinks there is no occasion. Need I recall to you a bargain once made between you and myself? Need I freshen your memory by telling you that long years ago—when I was poor and honest—"

"Ha! ha!—that I loved you madly? And you, Agnes Hope, said that you loved me! How lying were your lips! But, I suspected you; and then you said, solemnly: 'If I do not wed you, Willis, you may cut the mark of a cross upon my brow, and mar my beauty forever!'"

Then he made that bargain; and both of us swore to it! Now, Agnes, you have not wedded me; you say you will not wed me! I have come for the forfeit. I have spared you thus long; but now the hour is here, and I am prepared and ready for the work!"

As he spoke he advanced upon her at once. There was a terrible earnestness in his tone, a fearful, snake-like glitter in his eye. He continued to advance upon the poor girl, who had now retreated into the extreme corner of the room.

How He Found Her.

BY J. EDGAR LEE.

Mrs. Brown, widow, rather pretty when aided by a cosmetic, was not rich, though she did dress well, did live well, and managed very well, generally. Mrs. Grundy said, with an unfathomable nod, that she knew whether widow Brown was wealthy or not; Mrs. Brown had money; there was no denying that; no one could live in a stone-front without money.

Mr. Elmer Channings called there often—to pay his addresses to Julia Brown it was believed by those who, in small towns, profess to know every thing. But let us see for ourselves. The sun was shooting through the half-parted window-curtains of Mrs. Brown's parlor one afternoon, striking that lady in the face, as if to smite her for the lie she was about to utter. Elmer Channings, quite handsome and sad-eyed, sat upon the piano-stool, thumping softly the keys of the instrument and looking at the carpet.

"You say, Mrs. Brown, she has left you?" said he, the second time, without raising his head. "I understood that you and your daughter were Sylvia's only relatives. Excuse me for my presumption, but would you favor me with her present address? That will be a kindness unspeakable."

"Mr. Channings," answered the woman, smiling to herself, strangely, "my niece is beyond my control. You were right in your idea that my child and I were her only relatives. You, perhaps, recall the days you spent with my niece upon the seashore as very happy ones. You knew very little of Sylvia then, sir; in her artfulness she led you to believe that she was an angel; with her pretty face she deceived you."

"Madam," exclaimed the gentleman, raising his meditative gaze from the floor to the woman's face, and giving a decisive thump to a very deep note on the piano, "I did not come here to have my life made the subject of a needless conference. I only ask for her address; if you possess it, I pray you impart it to me."

There was sadness in the latter sentence as it came from Elmer's lips, and his eyes resumed their dreaminess. He saw before him those other days, of sunshine and happiness; they were a long way off—five years ago—yet came before him with the vividness of an action of yesterday. Mrs. Brown, daughter and niece were then at a favorite watering-place, at which pleasant locality Mr. Channings had formed the acquaintance of the trio. The young man was not wanting in attention from the mother and daughter; there are fortune-hunters among the gentler sex.

The niece was a beautiful young girl, whom Elmer began to love, when he lost sight of her. Evenings of beauty and coolness found Sylvia and the handsome fellow strolling on the beach. The aunt had grown irritated both at the intimacy growing between the two, and the frustration of her scheming, and had left the beach unexpectedly.

Need we add to this reminiscence that Elmer realized how strongly he loved Sylvia after she was gone? Impossible it was for him to discover where the family had journeyed; nor could he learn from whence it had come. Five years he searched for them, the love he bore for the niece actuating him to a persistency unyielding. For half a decade of years he had carried her picture, had kissed it, and studied the face with hopes of one day seeing the original.

Now, you may imagine that his heart grew light, and he felt relieved in a great measure, when he heard that Mrs. Brown, widow, lived in the town where he had

stopped, on such and such a street, third door from so and so's fine house, and "couldn't miss it if he'd try." He called, often, at first mentioning nothing in regard to Sylvia; but, at last, where we find him now, he broached the subject.

"Sir," responded the aunt, moving from the dazzling rays that came in at the window, "I will confess to you a little event which may astonish you. Sylvia Alverdy, my brother's child, who was an orphan under my care, became unbearable in my house with her impudence."

A low sob interrupted Mrs. Brown's "confession," and caused Elmer to glance quickly toward the door of the adjoining room. Mrs. Brown's face turned very red, and Mr. Channings looked at her wonderingly.

"Her impudence became intolerable to my daughter and me, and to avoid trouble I sent Sylvia off to boarding-school," resumed she, still quite flushed and embarrassed.

"Just so," said he, rising, and beginning to pace the floor. "And then, Mrs. Brown; and then, what?"

"She then ran away from the school, and to this day I have heard nothing of her. I suppose she is dead."

Elmer turned and stared at the woman in dumb surprise. She had spoken so indifferently concerning his love, as if her disappearance or death were but an ordinary occurrence.

"You suppose she is dead?" he finally said, with bitter irony in his tone; "and did you make no inquiries?"

"Most assuredly, sir."

"And found her not? Lost forever! Mrs. Brown, how long since she ran away from the school?"

"Let me see," answered the woman, in a trembling voice, for Elmer was studying her face closely, and she was conscious that he suspected something, and would not observe the conventionality of society to prove that he was right. "On the seashore one summer, when we saw you; next we were here; next Sylvia went—three years, Mr. Channings. Just three years. Poor girl, I—"

Another low sob came from the door; it went straight to Elmer's heart. Mrs. Brown seemed vexed, and her black eyes snapped alternately at the door and the former's back.

"Is there any one ill?" questioned he, evincing in his manner a desire to learn who was thus giving vent to grief. "With your permission, madam, I will look into the room."

His hand was upon the knob when the aunt sprang forward, and seizing his arm, she cried:

"I beg of you, sir, do not look; no one is ill—Julia may be crying—resume your seat—you are excited."

"I am not, I came here to learn the truth, and it, only, will I heed. Madam, this door I shall open; I beg no pardons for my rudeness. I am searching for Sylvia, and I will find her," he replied, striving with his hands and one knee to gain access to the next apartment. Mrs. Brown gave up her attempt to prevent him from accomplishing his wish, and he would have most certainly pushed the door open had not some one within quickly turned the key.

Mr. Channings thus frustrated, realized that he was quite excited, as the aunt of his loved one had declared. Nor would he have gainsayed an assertion that he had acted very foolishly, not to say very ungentlemanly. He quietly took his hat, and turned his face to the street. Upon the steps Mrs. Brown requested him to call again; Julia would be happy to receive his calls; must not fret over the late trivial event, etc.; to which he answered that he would, undoubtedly, leave the place that evening, in which departure he hoped to lose the memory of his conduct. He said nothing in regard to Sylvia, but the woman did, in a low tone:

"Good-by, sir. I hope you may be right in your belief that Sylvia is still living. What is more, I hope that you will find her—I wish you joy in your meeting!" The face disappeared, and the street-door banged harshly upon Elmer's nerves. With a slow step and downcast eyes he sought his hotel—an insignificant one and unworthy of such a name—where he sat in a stiff chair, beguiling the afternoon and evening hours with thoughts of her and the woman she had called "auntie."

Busily as he was engaged in running back to younger days, and denominating them, one and all, as "heavenly days," he forgot his determination to leave the town, and allowed the 7:15 train to rush in and rush out with not so much as a glance from his pensive eyes.

"Five years," he murmured, dropping his head in his hands. "A long, long time, I must say, to search, and search ineffectually, for a sweetheart. I wonder if there is any parallel to this in the annals of true love? I expect not, this being quite extraordinary. Mine is a romance. I will term it such, trusting that it will terminate as do romances—with love, reunion, marriage."

Elmer yawned, stood up, and stretched his arms, took a few graceful steps on the floor, then sat down by a table and endeavored to read a newspaper in the light of an asthmatic lamp. The sheet before him proved to be a publication of the place; it was full of prosiness, he thought, yet a paragraph in the "Wanted" column claimed his attention. An advertisement

only, which stated that Mrs. Brown, Michigan street, wished a good girl for general housework—this alone saved the paper from being cast aside.

"A good girl, eh?" he thought. "Yes; well—apply to-morrow evening? Good, splendid, grand!" and he slapped the table so roughly, and uttered the last adjective so enthusiastically, that several persons inquired if he was ill, or "didn't he feel first rate?"

Mrs. Brown sat in her parlor alone; and, it being the evening of a grand party for Julia, a maiden of more summers than she would claim, and no one having replied to the advertisement for a "good girl," Mrs. Brown felt more vexed than usual.

"Every thing ready, all arranged, except the coming of a waiter." "I would never do to allow her to be seen. No; mercy, no! Mr. Channings has been thrown off the track, and others must not get the scent he has held so long and lost so nicely. Sylvia shall never be his; that I vowed when I learned, at the seaside, of his indifference to my dear Julia."

Mrs. Brown continued in this strain for a time, when she was hushed by the violent ringing of the door-bell.

Mrs. Brown opened the front door herself. "Twas not late in the evening yet; the sun shone in the windows and on the walls of the opposite dwellings with declining radiance, and the milkman—a name erroneously applied to this venter even in so small a place as this—was going his off-interrupted journey with leisure. But who stood here, upon the steps, before Mrs. Brown, so flusteringly?"

"An' Misses Brown, it's not me that can do the likes of raidin', yit me brother raid yer askin' of a gurl, an' sint me to ye fur the givin' of a sitwation, hopin' that it's not the bad luck will fall upon me, but the fortune upon yerself."

Here was an answer to her advertisement at the eleventh hour, and as she had made no restriction in regard to the application of an Irish maid, Mrs. Brown conceded to the request of the applicant, and, in true Hibernian style, Bridget took upon herself the duties of the household.

Her labors were not great until the hour of refreshment for the "grand party" came around. Then her task was to act in the capacity of a female *factotum* at the supper prepared for the occasion. During the earlier hours of evening "our hired girl" sat in the kitchen alone, Mrs. Brown and child having already become engaged in the entertainment of the first arrivals in the parlor. The "girl"—thus unfeelingly addressed in the majority of our homes—was gazing through the window, at the appearing stars in the sky, when a light step on the floor brought back her mind to human affairs.

Instead of seeing Mrs. Brown or Julia, Bridget stood facing a young lady of rare beauty, who was dressed in cheap but neat clothes. Bridget started and threw up both hands in surprise, which drew a few words from the other.

"Are you to be our housemaid?" she inquired, in a low, half-frightened manner, placing a hand upon the arm of the one questioned.

"Yes, me darlint, me precious honey."

"And would you do me a great kindness?"

"By me sowl, yes."

"Then take this to the hotel, and give it to whom it is directed," and the soft hand placed in Bridget's a note. The latter walked to the window, tore the envelop, and began reading, or pretending to read, the contents of the sheet.

"What do you mean—my letter, you?" The supposed Irish girl put her lips to the beauty's ear and whispered:

"Sylvia! my lost Sylvia! I am here to claim you!"

Mrs. Brown, Julia and the entire number of arrived guests, were brought to the kitchen by the cry from—I might as well tell you first as last—Sylvia; the niece who became intolerably impudent and run away from her school, according to the aunt's story. It was a laughable picture they found in that kitchen; but Mrs. Brown could not smile; she employed the assistance of friends to hold her up when she saw the head and face of Mr. Channings decorating the garments of an Irish Biddy. And her niece was in his arms, and she had told him such a falsehood! She had told him the evening before that Sylvia was dead, undoubtedly!

A voice spoke finally—a rich, pure voice:

"For five years, you around me, my aunt, there, has kept me from friends, and even denied me the liberty of leaving the house. You may imagine my suffering when I tell you that this man, in a strange costume at present, I knew was searching for me during those long years. Last evening Elmer Channings received from my aunt the story that I was gone from her control, perhaps dead. I heard her, and began sobbing, when he strove to reach the room wherein I sat, but Julia Brown locked the door in time to foil him. I will say no more, only that my aunt owns nothing—my father's fortune has she been spending, when I am the heir."

I need not lengthen this with particulars. You know that a marriage is generally the end of a tale; but I must tell you that Sylvia Channings, to-day, does not suffer her aunt or cousin to live uncomfortably; and that, if this does terminate here, the happiness of Elmer and his wife continues in uninterruptedness.

the Saturday Journal

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These are but an advance guard of the host coming whose versatile pens are to place the SATURDAY JOURNAL in the van of American Popular Weeklies; and readers, old and young, soldiers for what is best in Romance and Story—in Adventure by Field and Flood—in Essay and Suggestion on Practical Themes—in Humor, Wit and Droll Dissertation—in Society and Life Photographs—in Poetry and Verse—will find all in the SATURDAY JOURNAL.

SATURDAY JOURNAL.

The Great Five Cent Weekly.

THE MODEL FAMILY AND FIRE-SIDE PAPER.

Contributors and Correspondents.

Can make no use of VIOLA WILEY'S HOME-SICKNESS. MS. is much too imperfect as copy. The author has much yet to learn before he can produce good composition's MS. The poem REMONSTRANCE has some excellent lines, but others are weak and unrhymic. The writer evidently is young. He must study the "Art of Composition" to write acceptably for the press. No stamp. MS. not preserved.

Poems by A. J. VIZ: MY QUEEN and I THINK, LOVE, or THERE, are amenable to the strictures above. MSS. returned.

The story of the CHASED RING is simply promising, if it is the author's first effort. Miss Carrie must be patient. Write and study how to improve in the art of story-telling—for it is an art. We can not use the MS. Send it to some of the Boston papers, which use much imperfect and crude matter.

Can use Yarns, THE TONGUE OF FIRE; THE GANDER PULLING; TRAPPER'S PRESENTMENT; A TURN OF THE WHEEL; THE UNWILLING SACRIFICE.

MS. LOST IN A CORN FIELD, returned. DITTO, AMOROUS WINDS; SPIRITS OF THE GREENWOOD DEEP; LITTLE ALLIE'S LOVER; A NUT TO CRACK, etc., etc.

"Please hold my MS. if it is not available, subject to my order," writes J. J. T. We will do no such thing. This "holding" gives us so much extra trouble, that we can not retain MS. to be subject to future correspondence. When we say "no" to a contribution, if stamps are not at hand for its return, it passes, by inexorable necessity, into *The Morgue*.

M. MEEHAN.—We mail our papers on Monday—the day before its issue to the trade. You ought to receive your papers by Saturday, at the latest.

Mrs. CELIA BATES writes from Illinois to know if the women's movement is truly represented by the women now professing to be its "leaders." We should say *not*. Our impression is that only the coarser element is represented by these noisy platform and convention hunters. The true women of the land are neither coarse, nor vituperative, nor impudent, nor bitterly hostile to one another.

MARY G. W. asks: "What line of study shall I pursue to become useful?" A hard query to answer. Life callings are many. Mary may have a decided talent for music or painting, or she may have no talent for any thing. All depends upon the person's capacity. The great mischief in our modern "systems" of education is the assumption that all girls alike require just so much Geography, Arithmetic, Grammar, Rhetoric, Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy and French. A smattering of each will answer, indeed, where the girl is in a hurry to enter society, and can not possibly condescend to "go to school;" after she is sixteen, for then (*ahem!*) she is ready for the beaux and a husband. Bah! this is disgusting! If Mary really is a good, sensible girl, let her become a real student, learning well and thoroughly a thorough English course; let French go to the milliners and barbers for all of her; let her, if she can do so, learn some art, in addition to her substantial English education; and above all things, let her avoid that wretched delusion that early marriage is essential to her happiness. If she is thus disposed, our word for it she will succeed in making her way, in preserving her independence and her self-respect; and when she does marry it will not be to marry a home, nor to get a "position," but because she is ready to assume the duties of a loving and a beloved wife and mother.

JOHN J. C.—We have no advice to give in the premises. If you are weak enough to be "taken in" by advertisements of artful females, who want a gay correspondent, don't make up your mind to be deceived. Learn wisdom from experience, and avoid any *covert* roads to pleasure. A pure heart and virtuous mind are too precious to be stained by association, however indirect, with that is impure and inviting. These advertisements for correspondents, male and female, are simply *dangerous* persons. Avoid them as you would a leper.

Miss E. G. D.—Mrs. Sigourney died several years since. Mrs. Kirtland is also dead. Mrs. Hale is a very old lady, yet assists in editing GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. Mrs. Stephens is about sixty-five years of age.

Miss HELEN G. asks: "What is the best perfume?" and adds: "I have used many things, but find that none fully satisfy." Unhappy Helen! "The Pure Life is like a sweet perfume," says the Sadi Mustafi. If our young ladies thought less of fictitious graces, false assumptions and deceptive arts, they would be far more adorable—their pure lives and innocent ways would be perfume sweet to every one. Dear young lady, eschew the odors of "Jockey Club," "Patchouly," and all of Lubin's sweet allurements, and let your own sweet face and modesty be your glory.

Foolscap Papers.

Ills that Flesh is Air to.

THE heart is a valuable accessory to the human system. It is the place where the affections most do congregate, and is very liable to get out of order if true love runs ruggedly. It is often subject to heart-ache, which may be cured by removing the cause—a young lady—to some distant boarding-school.

Palpitation sets in when you pop the popular question, and mortification ensues when she says no. Young people often lose their hearts, but don't suffer much, as they generally get some others in their place.

Tightness of the chest is a complaint peculiar to misers, and shortness of breath never troubled tattlers.

The headache is very common, especially with your wife when washing's to be done, or with the young lady whom you ask to dance with you in the next set. Headache is caused by the brain running too far down in the heel. The brain should be removed.

Men frequently get up in the morning with it, because the circular circulation of the brain the night before was too violent.

When you find the hair of your head falling out, you may rest assured that it can't agree with your head. When you find your head begins to look like a ball deagle, you must make boarding-house hash your only diet, or try roasted chignons.

The toothache is caused by a crook in the little toe. To remedy it, hang the tooth up on a nail, or throw it over in the alley.

Dyspepsia comes from eating too much. It is not a prevailing disease at any of our hotels, and if you have it I would advise you to go there to board.

If you are troubled with swimming in the head, see what kind of fluid you have prepared for it to swim in, and take measures—I mean take less measures to abate it.

Hiccoughs is a troublesome complaint, that will manifest itself after a late evening up-town. It may be called "the voice of the night," and it is a language your wife will readily understand—if she is used to hearing it.

Delirium tremens, or menagerie in your boots, is not a cheerful amusement, and comes from drinking impure water, or mixing water with your liquor. This should be avoided.

Poetry is a sad and lingering disease, and takes off many young people every year. The symptoms are disinclination to manual labor, mania for foolscap paper, spectacles, long hair, general neglect of costume, crazy spells, three poems a day, general debility of grammar, bad digestion of ideas, loss of facts, constipated reason-

ing, disordered system of ethics, impure rhymes, rheumatic lines, too much bile on the brain, weakness of the thinking organs, and inordinate desire to rush into print. It is hopelessly incurable. A rhymester's epitaph generally runs:

"Here lies a man who gave to rhyme
His pen, his talents and his time;
Yesterday he was laid low—
His verses died some time ago."

Kleptomania is vastly different from stealing, inasmuch as the last word is English, and the former High Church Latin. It is an unsatisfied want of something that don't belong to you; it first begins with a small boy in a watermelon patch, and runs on up until it arrives at a high degree, wherein small mistakes in the titles of horses are apparent, and you are placed in limbo on the nearest limb by an improvised sheriff. With a girl it first shows itself in the cake-closet, and lastly in the dry-goods stores.

General good-for-nothing-ness is another common disease, and commands a general circulation among the lower classes, as well as upon Avenue 5. You may see plenty of very bad cases of it down-town on store-boxes, laid up to dry, with a knife in one hand and a pine stick in the other, and they even make poor whittlers. When I see them this way I always wonder if it would not be better if they were inside the box. With the higher classes, soft cushions and lap dogs are among the symptoms of the disease; and most of the young ladies would be willing to sleep one hundred years if they wouldn't be any older when they would wake up. Not being intimately acquainted with the complaint, I can't describe it minutely.

Insanity is on the increase. The worst cases never get into the asylums, but frequently occupy more public places. Some people go crazy because they have no other place to go—always going where it is the most convenient; some go there because they don't know it, and never will own up to it. Be sure, my friend, what train you're on.

I don't know whether to term lying a disease, or one of the fine arts. There are very many good artists, my friend, and I am not practising the profession when I say that twelve out of every dozen use a good deal of figurative speech in the daily transaction of a close business.

Gossiping. A number of progressive ladies have organized themselves into a Continental Gossiping Union, of which my wife is an able—but here she comes in. This paragraph must necessarily be short.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

ADVERSITY.

"Adversity makes a man wise, not rich." I GUESS you will wonder what put that proverb into my head, and I will gratify your curiosity by telling you it was from reading that anecdote of a person who lodged some fifty dollars in the coal-scuttle for safe keeping, and whose wife made up the fire with it the next morning, through mistake. Adversity like that made the man wise and not rich. I guess he put his money in a safer place ever afterward.

Did you never want to be married, Adolphus, and think that girl around the corner the very pink of perfection. Why, it was a very treat even to look at her! And haven't you planned, when you got money enough, that you'd propose to her, and if she accepted, then hey for a wedding-ring and a parson! Oh! what a good domestic husband you were going to be! You were not going gallivanting around and spending your money on wines and cigars; but she was to sit on one side of the fire-place working at some embroidery, while you, on the other, in dressing-gown and slippers—the last worked by your wife's fair hands—and reading the SATURDAY JOURNAL to her! Isn't that a nice little bit of a domestic picture for you? I am sorry to say, Adolphus, that the little fay around the corner, got snapped up before you had time to get money enough to pop the question. That was a piece of adversity you didn't think was about to happen, did you?

Angelina Frank sits at her window and watches the tide of passers by, and Angelina Frank is somewhat on the shady side of forty; she affects false hair, and, as it is fashionable to be near-sighted, she wears glasses. Angelina is in love with a mysterious-looking foreigner whom she has been endeavoring to entangle into Cupid's meshes. Poor Angelina sees her heart's adored approaching, and, in gazing from the balcony, she lets fall her wig and glasses. The foreigner looks up in amazement, while Angelina, forgetful of her personal appearance, calls out: "Bring those things right up here—they're mine!" but, using her tongue too rapidly, her set of false teeth follow her top-knot and specs. The foreigner is honest, and returns the property to its rightful owner, but the maid has no more calls from him! While Miss Frank's adversity sends her to some adverse city, she learns that her foreigner was rich, and she has lost a great catch, and of course Miss F. is more careful to have her artificial "fixins" securely fastened—in the future!

I don't remember of any profession where adversity is more apt to creep in than in the theatrical one. It must be a sad thing for an actress who was petted a few years ago by the public—whose "Benefit" was attended by a crowded house—whose picture was to be seen in every window, and whom the managers were al-

most crazy to secure—to grow old, to lose the beauty she once possessed, and, instead of being sought out by the "Crummells" of this world, to be obliged to almost beg for an engagement. Ah, me! we think we will be always favorites, and rarely think of days to come when some fresh beauty shall supplant us! This adversity should cause our young actresses to save against a rainy day.

You authors who are now almost coining money by your productions should remember to keep your bank deposits large, for there are others growing up around you, who will have fresh ideas, and your stories may to a future generation appear as if belonging to a dark age. If adversity does overtake you, let it find you rich as well as wise.

If you will go to a certain street you will see a young woman (it is not Eve Lawless, by the way) sewing as if for dear life. That woman has a "history." But a few years ago she was courted by a worthy young man, and though he was honest, respectable and intelligent, she refused him. And why? Simply because he was a mechanic! Well, the young fellow felt her refusal a great deal, but it didn't break his heart; for he went harder to work to show that, if he was a mechanic, he was a good one. He discovered a plan to save labor which made him wealthy; was married, and now lives in great style. And his first love is obliged to sit for hours working to keep soul and body together. Ah, Miss, adversity has made you wise but not rich. Is a sewing-girl better than a mechanic? I doubt it!

Come, girls, don't be hard on the young men; value them as they *should* be valued. When a young fellow marries, his wife gives him an impetus to work harder, and I'm sure there are just as good men (perhaps better, if they are not worth a fortune) as those who own a coach and four.

I have endeavored to keep to my text, but maybe, woman like, I have wandered off. I hope, pray and trust not, for, if Mr. SATURDAY JOURNAL should condemn this, and, instead of taking out his ample pocket-book and presenting me with a check on some New York bank, he should consign it to the flames, I might prove an exemplification of my own text; that "adversity makes a man wise, not rich," and then in Band-box Corner would snivel.

EVE LAWLESS.

HINTS TO YOUNG WRITERS.

TRANSLATION is undoubtedly of great importance to those who wish a perfect and easy command of language. Cicero translated the orations of Demosthenes for this purpose; and Pope, several authors in different languages for a like reason. This accounts for that Ciceroian flow of language, polished and elegant in the extreme, and the smooth and almost faultlessly rendered verses of Pope. The reason is manifest. It is owing to the fact, that we can express our own ideas in our native tongue, say easily, perhaps in so many different ways; but then none of these ways may be the *right* way, each lacking a proper force. Now sit down to translate, and you will find yourself more restricted, and more compelled to keep to a *certain* style. We have the ideas given, consequently the task is so much the lighter in the weightier part of literature—the labor that would have framed such ideas being spent on the proper collocation of words, to express the same—that is, if the translator sets to work in the right spirit, determined faithfully to reproduce the original.

Now, where labor is so spent, we naturally endeavor to make an apt choice of words to express the idea, instead of spending our time chiefly in original thinking and deducing an idea, which we are apt, after all, to express too much in a hap-hazard style, erroneously dulled with a fancy, that an idea is an idea for "a" that." It is, therefore, on account of the choice and adaptation of words, which we are led to make in translation, that young writers would do well to practise it, for the purpose of acquiring a free, easy and suitable command of language. And why? Simply because an idea badly put is but half an idea, such is the value of a perfectly lucid style.

Now to translate, we must not only read but study the original, and become imbued with its spirit. Here, then, is a most excellent training-school for the mind, and one which will, of a surety, be as conducive to original thought as any other; for to translate faithfully raises you, as it were, above the level of the plagiarist to a lawful expression of the ideas of genius. If you, then, faithfully perform your task, you are likely to become more imbued with somewhat of a lofty and imaginative turn of mind, than by continually exhausting the shallow cisterns of selfish thought. Pope owes much, very much, of his success, as a poet, to the fact that he was so deeply imbued with the *general* spirit of all other poets. He shows this by his very numerous translations and imitations, yet none will dare affirm he was not an original thinker.

Taking all these points into consideration, we advise those, who have sufficient talent to warrant their entering the literary arena, to endeavor to attain a free, compact and elegant style by *translation*—that is, translation fully undertaken, and most carefully executed, for translation is short of its uses unless undertaken under these provisos.

EXCELSIOR.

SHALL WE MEET EACH OTHER THERE?

BY E. L.

Shall we, when death's chilly waters
Are parted by death's silent oar;
Shall we all meet one another,
On that distant shining shore?
Shall we, when this journey's ended,
When we're free from toil and care—
When we've left this earth forever,
Shall we meet each other there?
Shall we meet our dear beloved ones,
Who have died and gone before?
Shall, oh, shall we meet and clasp them,
On that ever shining shore?
Shall we see the Golden City,
Where the ransomed throng reside?
Shall we look upon the Savior,
Who for us on Calvary died?

Ah, methinks I hear a whisper
Full of kindness, full of love;
"Trust in Me! Keep my commandments!
I will meet thee up Above!"
Sweeter than all earthly music
Is this sound to us conveyed—
What a holy calm comes o'er us
"It is I; be not afraid!"

Now in earnest adoration
At the throne we bend the knee;
God in mercy, now and ever
Help us that we trust in Thee!

A Thrilling Tale.

THE MAN-TRAP.

BY T. C. HARBAGUE.

LISTEN!
Clang, clang, clang, clang!
Steel was smiting steel, and it was Newton Calder who swung the hammer.

It was midnight, but the young smith hammered away for all that. He had locked himself within the doors of his smithy, and knew that he would not be disturbed.

He knew that it was midnight, for the shrill shriek of the 1:02 passenger train, as it thundered through the suburbs of Fletcher, had reached his ears.

Presently the ticket agent, on his way home, passed the smithy, and heard the clang, clang of the heavy hammer.

"For seven nights," he murmured, "Newt has hammered away till long after midnight. He works as if he were forging thunderbolts for another Jove. I do wonder what he is making. He is not obliged to work at this hour. I would not be surprised to learn that he was shaky in the upper story. His father, people say, ended his days in a lunatic asylum."

The agent's home was but a square from the smithy, and the last thing that assailed his ears before he closed his door, was the sound of Newton's hammer.

Everybody in the town knew that, of late, the young smith had locked himself within his doors, and toiled behind the anvil till the "wee, snai" hours of the night.

What was he making?

People questioned him only to get this tautum and strange answer:

"I am making a man-trap."

By-and-by the boys of the town presented their faces at the windows of the smithy, and tried to discover the results of Newton's toil. He calmly told them to withdraw, but they answered him with laughter, and he threw a hammer at them.

After that he was not molested.

He was, as we have said, a young man. He could not have been older than twenty-three. His features were rather handsome, but something devilish lurked in his dark eyes. His manly form was well knit, and in strength he was a modern Hercules.

He loved, and many people thought ill of Maggie Foster when she kindly rejected him to accept the proffered love of Judson Vance.

But, Maggie evidently knew what she was doing, for she kept her own counsel, and did not reply to the freely-offered opinions of would-be critics.

At last, Newton Calder ceased to sweat over his anvil till midnight, and the townspeople thought that his great work was finished.

To their questions he replied that the man-trap was completed, but he refused to exhibit it.

One night he stole from his mother's house to his smithy. There he remained an hour, when he emerged with a sack thrown over his shoulders.

He bent his steps toward the southern limits of the village, where he struck a road leading in a south-easterly direction. Down it he hurried till he paused upon the railroad track which crossed it several miles from Fletcher.

He placed the sack on the ties and listened. Not a sound was borne to his ears, and nothing met his gaze but darkness, and, now and then, a star in the firmament above.

Suddenly he stooped and drew something from the sack which caused the rattling of chains.

In the dim light of the stars let us examine the contents of the sack, which were now before the young smith.

There were several long chains, composed of strong steel links, fastened to an enormous steel trap. The terrible-looking thing—the result of the smith's midnight labor—was near three feet in length, and the huge jaws, with their sharp teeth, looked as though they could sever a bar of iron.

For a moment Newton Calder gazed upon the workmanship of his own hands, and a fiendish smile distorted his face.

"I have sworn that Maggie Foster should not be his, and I am going to keep my oath. Won't mine be a terrible revenge? Oh, wouldn't I like to hear him shriek when the jaws close! But, I can not, for I must be far away. I shall leave Fletcher to-night, forever."

With his pocket-knife he dug beneath the ties, and fastened the chains around them.

Then he knelt upon the strong springs of the man-trap, and the great jaws flew open. The next minute they were ready to close upon their victim, and the vengeful blacksmith rose to his feet.

He knew that Judson Vance was basking in the light of Maggie Foster's smiles, and that he would cross the track at that fatal spot a short time prior to the passage of the 1:12 accommodation. The open jaws of the trap covered such an area of the crossing that he could not miss the trigger, and, once held fast by the trap, he could do naught but await the death of the foredoomed beneath the iron wheels of the train.

It was a revenge worthy a devil's invention, and the heart of one seemed to beat in the breast of the blacksmith.

At length he threw a parting glance at his work and stepped away.

He did not go far till he paused. "I believe the trap might be set easier," he said, fearing for the entire success of his diabolical plans. "I shall try to do it, at any rate. It will occupy but a single minute."

He returned to the crossing, and placed his knees upon the spring to prevent the jaws from closing, when he released the trigger to readjust it.

He was in the midst of his work when, from some unaccountable cause, his knees slipped from the spring, and, oh, horror! the jaws closed on his wrists! A terrible shriek welled from his throat at the horrible catastrophe, and he tried to spring to his feet; but the trap held him down.

Every attempt to force the spring down sufficiently to release him proved abortive, and, at the horror of his situation, he tried to tear his hands from the trap. But the sharp teeth, upon which he had spent hours, had pierced his very bones, and thus prevented him.

"If it had but caught my leg," he groaned, thinking not of limb, but of life, "I could loosen the chains and drag the trap home. But, oh, God! the accursed thing must catch my hands, and hold me down for the train to complete this dark night's work."

Again he struggled, not to tear his hands from the trap, but to twist them off!

But fate was against him, and the excruciating pain thus occasioned made him think that reason would soon desert him.

Suddenly he thought of Judson Vance, his rival. He would, doubtless, reach the crossing and release him, for Judson was not a venal man. But, ah! how vain are human hopes, for the shriek of the locomotive, as it entered Fletcher, assailed the blacksmith's ears, which were strained to catch his rival's step.

Unravelled by the shrill noise, he sunk to the earth, powerless to struggle.

Within five minutes the iron monster would be upon him, and all would be over in a second.

At length he heard the rumbling of the train, which was now beyond the village, and approaching very rapidly.

Still the trap held him down, and, with the desperation of a maniac, he suddenly resumed his attempts to wrench his hands from the bloody jaws. But his mighty efforts were vain, and the teeth seemed to pierce the very marrow.

Another shriek from the locomotive caused the doomed man to look behind him.

The train was so close upon him that the head-light dazed his eyes, and he could not shield the precious orbs with his hands. Then he shrieked at the top of his voice, but the cars came on.

"I must die!" he groaned in the single minute he had yet to live. "I have merited my fate. Retribution is a terrible thing—terrible! Oh, God, I curse thee not. But pity me, and help me—"

The roar of the train drowned the sweetest word that ever parted his lips—mother. The next minute the cow-catcher struck him, and the next he was torn to pieces.

It was a terrible fate!

The rumbling of the train could yet be heard when Judson Vance crossed the track, without noticing the work of death. The train had torn the trap from the chains, and hurled it, clashing two armless hands, from the track.

The following morning the true state of affairs was discovered, and the mutilated remains of the wretched rival were collected and decently buried.

It broke poor Mrs. Calder's heart, and she soon followed her son to the grave.

Judson Vance shuddered at his narrow escape from a terrible death, for, had not his rival desired to "set the trap easier," he would never have called Maggie wife—as he does now.

Had he been caught by the man-trap, even after the passage of the 11:12 passenger, he would have been doomed, for the lightning express quickly followed.

He is very happy now, but a cold chill creeps to his heart whenever he looks upon the trap, which is still exhibited in a store in the village, and he thinks of a dark night's work.

How She went to Newport.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"Was there ever any thing more provoking? Just to think of our being obliged to remain here in this fearfully hot, dusty, country stage-house, all because of somebody's insufferable carelessness."

There was a decided frown on Helen Foster's pretty face, and she hoisted her pink-lined, lace-covered pongee with a vim quite wrathful.

"Just look at this outlandish place, all sunshine and heat, and not a house near us! I solemnly swear I'd not stirred one step from home to see the 'beauties of the country,' that Dr. Nelroyd raves so about. Come, Jessie, and bring that satchel, and let's make up our minds to either be melted, slowly roasted, or sunstruck."

And, with a martyr-like resignation on her countenance, Helen Foster gathered up her freshly-fluted and ruffled skirts, and encoined herself in the only seat in the miserable little stage office, at which they had been deposited a moment before, the stage having gone thundering along, leaving them to choke over the clouds of dust it had evoked.

"Jessie," with a half-amused smile, brought the satchel, in obedience to the imperious order of the beauty, and seated herself in the draughty doorway.

"It isn't so bad, after all, Helen, dear. There seems quite a breeze blowing. See how beautifully that brook gleams among those trees yonder!"

"You are always saying something to admire, Jessie Grey! It's a pity you couldn't find a gem of landscape perspective on the bare boards of this horrid old stage-house."

A musical laugh issued from Jessie's pretty red lips.

"I shall have good use for my pet proclivity, I suppose, when we come to see this famous country seat of Dr. Nelroyd's."

Helen's animation seemed to return at mention of her admirer's name.

"It must be splendid, judging from the reports I have heard concerning it; and, indeed, I would never have come this far to see it, had I not anticipated a rare feast."

"I am anxious to see this Dr. Nelroyd, Helen. Do you know I sometimes fancy he is very like Fred?"

She spoke the last few words in a sort of constrained whisper.

"Like Fred? Why, Jessie, the idea is ridiculous. Dr. Ferdinand Nelroyd, the elegant, accomplished physician, like Fred. Grey, your dissipated husband, who has neglected you so shamefully these five years, and who died in a drunken row in New York."

Helen's eyes glared, but Jessie's fairly snapped.

"Notwithstanding all of which he was my husband, my baby Rosa's father, and I loved him."

There was much quiet dignity in Jessie Grey's tones, and Helen turned away, as if to end the discussion.

"I think I see a carriage coming, Helen. Yes, it is the doctor's. Shall I take the satchel?"

"And make people think you are a poor relation? Thank you, no."

Helen spoke snappishly, and carried the hand valise herself. It was a sore spot in her heart and memory—that of Fred. Grey's marriage to her cousin, Jessie Douglass.

She had fairly idolized him, and ever since he had died, leaving his widow and her little five-year Rosa penniless, Helen Foster had left no stone unturned to render the bruised heart more wounded still.

A capacious barouche howled along the road, and drew up to the stage office.

"Dr. Nelroyd's compliments, ladies, and he begs you will pardon him for not coming in person, but a sudden summons called him away. He hopes to return by mid-afternoon."

This was the message the coachman gave them, and Helen frowned.

"Dr. Nelroyd isn't overburdened with politeness, it seems. Come, help me in."

She motioned the man, who assisted her to enter, and then he turned to Jessie.

"Oh, thank you," she returned, pleasantly, as he fastened the door and took the reins.

Over the country road they drove, Helen incessantly complaining of the heat and dust, and Jessie sitting half provoked, half amused at her cousin's impatience.

"Jessie, are you fully determined not to go to Newport this year?"

"Most certainly. How could I think of such a thing? Where have I the money to indulge in such a luxury?"

"I might ask where will my money come from. Nevertheless, I am going to Newport, and have a first-class suite of rooms, too."

She looked supremely important as she spoke. Jessie gazed at her in no little surprise, but said nothing.

"I am going to make Dr. Nelroyd propose to me, and insist upon a speedy marriage and a wedding tour to Newport."

She nodded her head and smiled. A little cry burst from Jessie's lips.

"Sh! The coachman will hear you, Helen."

But the coachman was looking straight ahead, and then Helen continued:

"We're poor, you know, Jessie, and I've got to get married before long, or nobody will want me. Why, I'm twenty-eight now, and you are only twenty-three, and have a daughter four years old."

"And no husband, Helen!"

But Helen would not take note of the pathos in her voice.

"As I was saying, I intend to marry this Dr. Nelroyd. He's rich, handsome, influential—especially the former; and you know I've often vowed never to marry a poor man, did I worship him. No, indeed; give me plenty of money, a fine house, and no end of handsome clothes."

"Helen Foster, I'm ashamed of you!" And the honest indignation was visible in every word she spoke.

"But about the Newport affair, Jessie. If I go I'll hire you for my dressing maid, for I'll make the doctor let me have one, and—"

At that moment the horses made a sudden jump, and Helen left the words unfinished.

"I beg to decline, Helen. When I engage as dressing maid it will not be to you."

The ride was not very enjoyable, and both ladies experienced a sensation of relief when they reached the avenue that led to the mansion, a noble building, standing under ancient-looking forest trees.

All that long, delicious June day the two rambled along the shady groves of Dr. Nelroyd's estate, waiting for him to return.

Helen, half petulant, half arrogant, as she pointed out to Jessie the various beauties of Nelroyd Park that would soon be hers; Jessie, admiring at times, and then reproving her cousin's flippancy.

And so the day wore on, and Dr. Nelroyd's patient had kept him; and when, at dusk, the coachman drove the carriage to the door that was to convey them home, he had not come yet.

The lady-like housekeeper apologized for his protracted absence, and then they drove off, an ill-concealed scowl on Helen's face.

"Just like him, so provoking. I'm not sure, though, Jessie, but that it was best for you not to see him; you widows, you know,

are so susceptible, and gentlemen always admire you so."

In the gathering darkness Helen did not see the flush of wounded feelings that sprang to Jessie Grey's cheeks, but the answer smote her.

"Oh, Helen! Helen! how can you? And Fred, only dead so lately?"

It had grown intensely dark now, and Helen leaned lazily back in the carriage, when the sound of an approaching horseman arrested their attention.

The coachman drew in the reins and stopped the carriage.

"That's the doctor, ladies. I know Fleet-foot's step."

Sure enough, it was, and he was hailed by the man, though the darkness was so intense neither party could see the other.

He laughed as he reached out his hand.

"Miss Helen, I presume it is? I am very sorry I could not return in time to see you, but I hope to have the pleasure of your society at another time. I understood that you had brought a friend with you, Helen?"

"Yes, Mrs. Grey, Dr. Nelroyd."

His cheery, mellow tones made Jessie's heart quiver, and almost instinctively she put forth her hand. It met his, and by mutual agreement, both warm, kindly, friendly.

"I am sorry Mrs. Grey, that you met such a cold welcome on your first visit to Nelroyd Park. Come again, and invite your husband and bring Helen along."

Poor Jessie's heart bled at the kindly, ignorant invitation, but she could not censure him. How should he know that Fred. was dead? And Helen was too delighted at the blunder to rectify it.

"Helen, Mrs. Grey, I shall start for Newport on Monday. Would it not be pleasant to meet there?"

In the darkness no one saw the strange smile on his face.

"It occurs to me, Helen, that your uncle has taken a cottage there. Can not you and your friend make him a visit of a fortnight or so?"

Helen's heart fairly bounded, and Jessie even felt delighted. She well knew she would be welcome at dear Uncle Maynard's; and little Rosa, too—how the brisk sea air would redder her pale cheeks!

"Yes, I will give myself an invitation. Jessie, you will go?"

Dr. Nelroyd almost cried out as Helen spoke, but no one noticed it.

"Then I'll bid you adieu. On Monday night I'll see you at Newport."



LOW SHE WENT TO NEWPORT.

And he rode off, while Helen turned to Jessie in a perfect ecstasy of delight.

"Who says Fate hasn't ordained that? Jessie, I tell you I'm sure of him, else why his urgent invitation to meet him there? By-the-by, I wonder how Uncle Maynard ever came to take that cottage? It is strange we never heard of it."

If she had known that the coachman who drove them from the stage office was Dr. Nelroyd in disguise, who had heard every word of their conversation, and who had changed his identity after he had seen them safely at the Park, and then galloped to the city to lay his plans before old Mr. Maynard, perhaps she would have been less exultant.

As it was, she grew fairly radiant in the few days that intervened, and when, on Monday noon, they all alighted at Mr. Maynard's cottage, she felt her destiny sealed—as Dr. Nelroyd's wife.

The afternoon sun was hiding in a scurrying mass of thunder clouds, and little Rosa Grey had wandered a short distance from her home, playing along the beach, and watching the white-capped waves as they broke in a shower of foam at her feet.

She was a bright, delicate, intelligent little girl, passionately fond of her mother, and herself a general pet with every one.

She had just climbed on a large stone, and was sorting over some pebbles she had collected, when a gentleman, tall, elegantly dressed, and of pleasant, winning face, approached her.

"Little girl, you are Rosa Grey, are you not?"

He smiled into her solemn little face, and extended his hand.

"Please don't speak to me, sir. Mama told me never to talk to strangers."

But her eyes seemed powerless to leave his face.

"That is right, to mind your mother, little one. But suppose I send a note to her, will you take it for me? You need not come back again, and here is an orange for you."

Rosa got down instantly, but gravely refused the fruit, took a note which the gentleman gave her, and ran to the cottage.

The gentleman gazed after her with a sad smile.

"So like Jessie! Oh, how my heart wanted to snatch her in my arms, and kiss her, my own precious baby daughter! Thank God I can do that in one short hour!"

Helen and Mrs. Grey were sitting in their bedroom, when Rosa ran in, all aglow.

"Mama—mama, a strange man sent you this! Oh, mama, he looked so good and sweet!"

Jessie glanced up in astonishment.

"A note for me? You must mean for Aunt Nellie?"

"No, for my mother," he said. Helen curled her lips scornfully, as Rosa held out the letter.

"The widow has captivated some one, perhaps, in ten minutes' residence at Newport. Well, I only hope Dr. Nelroyd comes to-night, per agreement, and you may have your unknown to yourself!"

But a white pallor had spread over Jessie's face as she read the note, and then she gasped for her breath.

"Aunt Nellie—mama! What is the matter?"

Rosa's cry attracted Helen's attention, and then she saw that Jessie was sitting rigid as a stone.

She grasped her hand, and the letter fell from it. A moment enabled her to read it.

"MY LONG-LOST JESSIE: Only a week ago did I dream you were living. They told me you had died a year ago. And I—oh, Jessie, my wife—I have come, as it were, from the dead, a penitent man, waiting to be forgiven, little thinking that my wife and child were waiting for me. I will come to your house, Jessie, my patient, precious wife, as soon as I think our little Rosa has given you time to read this."

"FRED. GREY."

As she read the name, she glanced out the window. Dr. Nelroyd, valise in hand, was coming toward the house.

"Confusion! Suppose he and half-drunk Fred. meet here! Well, there is one consolation: the doctor will not blame me."

And she caught the rose-pink powder from the toilet stand, and touched artistically her cheeks.

Jessie had recovered from her momentary shock, and, with a glorious radiance in her eyes, caught her child in a passionate embrace.

"It was your father, my darling—your own dear father!"

"And there he is! Oh, mama, he has just rung at the door!"

Holding Rosa's hand, her heart beating fiercely, she descended to the parlor, just as Helen reached the hall by a side staircase.

"Dr. Nelroyd!" and Helen smiled joyfully.

"Oh, Fred, my husband—my husband!" And Jessie sprang to his arms, while he kissed her again and again.

Uncle Maynard stood rubbing his hands in glee.

"Pretty good—pretty good, my boy! And now I'm afraid Helen will stare her eyes out if you don't explain."

Dr. Nelroyd turned to Helen, extending his hand cordially.

"I beg your pardon, Helen, for not responding to your greeting, but my wife and baby demanded my entire attention. I can explain the situation in a very few words. I acted like a brute, you all know, and when I was nearly killed in that drunken brawl in Baxter street, I was laid up over a year in the hospital. Not quite lost to all shame, I gave a different name there, to save you the disgrace, my Jessie. While there I resolved to turn over a new leaf. My illness was the means of my being won away from vice and liquor. I had studied medicine, you know, and I determined to go West, go into practice, see if I couldn't make a little money, then surprise my wife. I never dreamed she thought I was dead, and how she heard it I do not know. To make a long story short, I went West, earned a good reputation, and in three years had saved four thousand dollars. This I speculated with, and my success was wonderful. You all know my wealth. I took the name of Nelroyd from a mere fancy. I then started for home, and was met with the fearful news that Jessie was dead. You can imagine the shock, when I resolved never to discover my identity again. I was not recognized by Helen, even, or Uncle Maynard. Jessie's loving eyes were the first that read through the unaccustomed mustache and whiskers. Last week Helen accidentally mentioned the name of 'Jessie.' From that moment I began to suffer the most tormenting doubts. I resolved to ascertain to my own satisfaction if it was my Jessie. You know the result."

A deep silence ensued, Helen walked away to the window, the tears, either of rage or mortification, dropping down her cheeks.

"And now, my darlings, you must come with me to our rooms at the Ocean House. Uncle Maynard, Helen, good night."

Not a word of reproach for Helen, and she felt how far her superior he was, as she saw him give Jessie his arm, and lead little Rosa so lovingly along.

"She always was lucky, and I—I am no nearer a husband than ever."

And she turned away from the window, while Jessie, leaning on Dr. Nelroyd's arm, entered the sumptuous suite of rooms.

And that's how Jessie Grey went to Newport.

The Banker's Ward:

OR,
The Shadowy Terror of Arrancourt.

BY GEO. S. KAIME.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A MYSTERY NO MORE.

THERE could not be gaiety in the old mansion while a fellow-being was lying on a bed of sickness, from which he never would rise, but there was quiet, peace and happiness. Since Henry was closeted so long with the sick man, he seemed to have received new life; but no allusion to what he learned there was made to any one.

Dora sought in every way to glean something from him, but his only reply was: "Not yet, madam; not yet."

With which she was forced to be content.

George Matthews and Ella had been let into the secret of Paul's promised visit, and it is difficult to say which was pleased the most.

And Henry looked for the colonel at any moment. Although starting from Washington on the same day, Henry's progress was much the slowest. Soon after starting he fell in with Meta and George, and kept with them.

As George was yet quite feeble, they were forced to travel slowly, and make frequent stops. Then George became so much fatigued—Henry had whispered to him that Paul Rodney had promised to visit Arrancourt—that it was not a difficult task for Henry to persuade him, and Meta, of course, to halt a few days at Arrancourt, which was not far out of the way. They were just a week reaching there, so Henry had good reason for expecting Paul soon.

The third day after their arrival he saw the well-known form of the colonel riding toward the house, on the same horse that had carried him successfully through many a weary campaign. George, Meta and Ella were in the room, but did not see the new arrival, and Henry slipped quietly out of the house, and grasped the colonel's hand just as he alighted.

"Come right in just as quick as you can," whispered Henry. "I am planning a surprise."

He hurried him past the parlor door, and up to his own room.

"There, Paul, now if you have any fixing to do—but I do not know what you can do to improve your appearance—hurry it up, for I am anxious to present you to the ladies."

The party in the parlor saw the colonel's horse as the hostler led it to the stables, and Ella recognized it, but said nothing. Meta admired the beauty of the animal, and George guessed who had come. While yet talking about it, Henry threw open the door and announced:

"Colonel Paul Rodney."

Voluble Ella clapped her hands with delight, but Meta was so surprised that for a moment she hardly knew what to do or say. Paul was waiting for his cue from her, and when she arose with a manner positively glacial, he advanced as cold as she; yet there was a yearning look in his fine eyes that made her poor heart throb painfully.

Ella was disappointed and showed it plainly.

"Now you have found him, you will drive him away again," she whispered to Meta, while Paul was bowing distantly to George.

Meta gave Ella an imploring look, but how could she understand it? She knew nothing of the guilt between these two.

George was also disappointed, and sorrowfully he left the room. With all his self-denial he had not made Meta happy.

Soon after George left, a servant called Henry and Ella out. It seemed like a preconcerted plan, but it was not. However, it left Paul and Meta together, unexpectedly giving him the opportunity he had wished for. It had come so suddenly, however, that he was wholly unprepared for it; yet, with a promptness that was a leading characteristic with him, he accepted the situation, and frankly opened his heart to the trembling woman.

For a moment all doubts were banished from his mind, for she did not attempt to withdraw the hand which he had taken; then, all unexpectedly, she sprang from him, and when he arose to follow her, she waved him back and tried to speak.

He waited in such an agony of suspense. If he had known her thoughts, how he would have pitied her. A vision was passing before her eyes. She saw Doctor James Martin just as he stood that night; she felt his grasp upon her wrist, and she heard his words just as he whispered them, even to the hissing tones. That was all that held her back; that was what strained her heart-strings till they were ready to snap asunder. Yet she could not speak. The words died on her lips, while her eyes were revealing that love which she was striving so hard to crush.

Perhaps Paul understood something of her feelings. He said nothing, fearing that should he break the spell, she would find speech, and utter the dread word. Until then there was hope.

Thus they stood when Ella ran into the room, but she paid no attention to the singularity of their position. With terror-fraught visage, she whispered to Meta:

"Norman Vinton is dying! He is calling for Meta! Can it be you?"

What a flash of hope passed over Meta's face. She found speech then.

"Wait, Paul, till I come back," she said. Then she hurried to the chamber of death.

Why did she start and grasp Ella's arm when she saw the face of the dying man? Ah! her words soon told what Dora, standing there by the bedside, should have seen long before:

"Doctor James Martin!"

What sickening terror that name struck to the heart of Dora, the young wife. She bent over her husband and took one look at his face. Yes, it was her uncle James. The coloring on his hair had faded, and all that was needed to make him as she saw him in New York, were the green spectacles.

Without a word, but with such despair and woe depicted on her beautiful face, that none could look upon her without pity, she turned away.

The dying man opened his eyes when he heard his name, and looked at Meta.

"Is this so, James Martin?" he asked, striding to the bedside. "Is Meta my sister?"

"Yes, Henry," said Doctor James. "God be praised!" murmured the brother, pressing Meta to his breast; and her silent prayer of thankfulness was none the less fervent.

Oh! ought not the dying man to be forgiven after causing such joy?

There was a witness to this scene which none in the chamber had yet noticed. It was the shadowy terror of Arrancourt; but how unlike she was to the dreaded phantom which had been such a terror to the man who was now passing away. A pleasant-faced woman in black, with eyes so like Meta's, and traces of beauty which the misery of a score of years had not eradicated.

George Matthews saw her first, and he exclaimed: "Mrs. Morehouse!"

The lady nodded to him, and then drew near the bed. "James Martin saw her," said he. "You have had your revenge."

"Do not reproach me, Meta Vinton!" said he. "I murdered your husband, and took your children from you; but look! I restore them to you. Would to God I could also give Norman back to you! Then I could die happy. Forgive me, Meta, forgive me!"

Doctor James Martin never spoke again. The last act in a wasted life was one of atonement.

There was a hushed and awful stillness in the chamber, while the life of Doctor James Martin was quietly passing out of the wasted body; then all but Moses Martin turned away, sorrowful, but not mourning the loss. But where was the young wife—the beautiful woman who had risked so much and lost all? Gone; no one knew when or whether.

And all this while Paul Rodney was waiting—waiting, wavering between hope and despair. He heard a rustling of garments, and ere he turned his head, Meta stood beside him. No more doubting; no more the child of shame; but radiant and happy, with a home, a name, and so many friends. No words were needed to tell Paul of his happiness, but Meta put her hand in his, and whispered so softly:

"Yes, Paul."

An hour later there was a sad, yet interested group sitting in the great parlor at Arrancourt, listening to Mrs. Vinton, as she made clear many things which were mysterious.

"I knew Doctor James Martin," said she, "before I married Norman Vinton. He sought my hand in marriage, and my refusal made him my enemy. But I saw nothing of him until we met in Europe. Norman was sick, and Doctor James was the only physician we could reach. He attended my husband and poisoned him. Then he fled, taking my two children. My nerves were weak from anxiety and long watching at Norman's bedside, and the double shock was more than I could bear. I grew partially deranged, and wandered from place to place. In my lucid intervals I invariably planned to bring the murderer of my dear husband to justice, but ere I was able to accomplish much, my reason would leave me again, undoing all I had done."

"I adopted a child, hoping that the care might be beneficial. I assumed my maiden name, Morehouse, and gave Walter the name, too. I grew better under the influence of his love, and when he was eighteen we came to America. I went to Williamstown, determined to wait until I was sure that I had strength to go on with the work I had so often attempted."

Walter was taken with a desire to go to California, and I reluctantly consented. All went well for a while. Walter sent me sufficient money for my simple wants, but suddenly the remittances were stopped. Then came a letter, stating that he had sent some money by a Mr. Paul Rodney, but I never received it."

Here George Matthews quickly arose, and begged leave to interrupt her one moment.

"The money is now in the bank at Williamstown," said he; "put there" by Paul Rodney himself soon after you went away. Why he was delayed, we will leave to be told another time."

"Thank you, Mr. Matthews. I have always felt hard about that money, for it was the last that Walter ever sent me that I know of. It was but a few months afterward that a letter advised me of Walter's death."

On the same day, or rather during the night following, there came a rap at my door; and, on going to see who was there, I met Doctor James Martin.

"What followed after that I can not tell positively, for it all seems like a dream, until I stood in the death chamber to-day. As I look at it now, my first recollection is of standing in the door of that very room, and seeing Doctor James Martin on the bed, and an assassin standing with drawn knife over him. Then I was in another chamber, Ella was sleeping peacefully, while a woman stood ready to take her life. That woman I do not see here now, but it seems that I have met her since."

The listeners looked from one to another, for they all felt that she referred to Dora.

"After this," resumed Mrs. Vinton, "every thing is so confused that I will not attempt to relate it."

Following Mrs. Vinton, were explanations from Paul and Meta, and from Mr. Martin, taking up the entire day.

And here will we leave them, and pass over the interval to the present.

Paul Rodney and Meta now live at Williamstown in an elegant mansion contiguous to Charles Matthews' home; and Paul manages the banking business just as Charles Matthews hoped he would. George is there, too, a truly penitent man, and nobly trying to make amends for his past errors.

Henry Vinton and Ella live at Arrancourt with Mrs. Vinton. And we must not omit Prince. He has the liberty of the estate, an honored retainer, but growing old, as we all are doing.

Dora never returned to her father, for the insanity which we must charitably believe influenced her in her career of crime, assumed a more violent phase, and she now passes her time in an asylum, raving of her disappointments.

Allan Wentworth, her willing tool, broke away from her allurements, and found a soldier's grave.

Thus we bid them all good-by.

THE END.

On Hand.—No better romance has appeared for a long time than one which we have secured for these columns by a celebrated English author—one of the most popular of all living writers. It is laid equally in our own South-west and abroad, and is, we are sure, one of the best works of the noted novelist's pen. We have secured it, not because American authors can not write what is good enough for us, but because the *Breadth of General Excellence* of the SATURDAY JOURNAL demands just such a work as this to fill out the variety and peculiar interest of our

MODEL FAMILY WEEKLY.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE FIRST ALLYNE STRATHROY.

DUKE, the Slasher, sat in his den—a little front room over a liquor store in Bayard street—in an extremely bad humor. His face was almost covered with strips of court-plaster placed over the saber cut which the actor had given him on the night of the assault.

A bottle of whisky and a glass stood on the table beside which the Slasher sat; also a pitcher of water.

It was the morning following the night whereon the events had taken place that we related in our last chapter.

Duke's wound was an extremely painful one, although by no means dangerous. The bad condition of his system, steeped in liquor, aggravated the wound. And even now, despite the commands of his doctor, he would not keep from liquor.

"Curse the luck," he cried. "I'm a putty looking picture, I am! My head is swelled up as big as a bushel basket. I feel as if it didn't belong to me at all. But, I'll be even with that cove, blow me if I don't!"

Then the sounds of footsteps ascending the stairs that led to his room fell upon the ears of the wounded man.

"Hallo," he muttered, "that steps sounds familiar. Some of the boys, maybe, coming to see the old man."

Then the door opened, and to the surprise and horror of the Slasher, the murdered man, James Kidd, walked into the room. He looked about the same as he had looked on the night when the Slasher had parted with him weeks before—the night on which he had been murdered.

He was paler in the face, and his hair was cropped close to his head. He was dressed in a rough, dark suit, and wore a red shirt. Duke started to his feet with a cry of alarm. He thought that he beheld a specter.

"Don't be afraid, Duke. I am alive," said Kidd, guessing the fear of the other.

"Holy Moses!" cried Duke, in wonder; "are you alive? Why, I saw you laid out, with a knife-cut in you, too, big enough to let out half a dozen lives."

"I was only in a trance," said Kidd, taking a seat and helping himself to the whisky.

"But wasn't you buried?" asked the Slasher, resuming his seat.

"Yes."

"The devil you were?" Duke couldn't understand this strange mystery.

"Yes," replied Kidd; "but I was dug up again by some body-snatchers, who were procuring 'subjects' for the doctors. I was taken by them to some doctor's office. They put me on a table to cut up. But the first cut of the knife brought the blood and brought me out of my trance. The doctors were alarmed, lest I should disclose how they procured their 'subjects.' They revivified me, then gave me a suit of clothes—I had nothing on but my undershirt and drawers—and a little money, and put me out into the street. I wandered off, I don't know exactly where, for I think I was a little out of my head, but at last, I got into some house down in Cherry street. I told the folks I was sick, and gave them what little money I had, and they kept me till this morning. Then my head got all right again, and I concluded to hunt my friends up."

"Well, you have had a time of it," said Duke, astonished at this strange story.

"Yes, but I'm worth a dozen dead men yet!" cried Kidd, with a bitter laugh.

"That's so," responded the Slasher. Then he took a good look at Kidd.

"Well, now I've got it!" Duke exclaimed, suddenly.

"Got what?" asked Kidd.

"Why, since you've been gone, I've had a little business with a cove on Fifth avenue, Allyne Strathroy. Do you know him?"

"I ought to," said Kidd, quietly. "He's the man that tried to kill me."

"That's what I thought, for I found the letter that you wrote to him. Well, when I saw him, his face looked familiar to me, but I couldn't guess where I had seen it. But I know now. He's the very image of you."

"That is not wonderful; we are half-brothers," said Kidd.

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, I am the son of Clinton Strathroy by his first wife, your sister Lizzie. Duke, you are my uncle," said Kidd.

"The blazes I am!" said Duke, astonished.

"Yes, my real name is Allyne Strathroy. And not only that, Duke; I am the heir to all this property left by my father, Clinton Strathroy. Your sister—my mother—was legally married, and they can't keep me out of my rights."

"That's the ticket! Justice at last!" cried Duke.

"I am going to see the lawyer instantly and put in my claim," said Kidd, rising.

"I'll go with you, though I ain't a handsome looking object, just now, with this here head," said the Slasher.

"We'll go at once."

"Say, how did you find out all this?" asked the Slasher, who was considerably astonished at the strange revelation.

"I discovered it, no matter how; but, come, let us be off."

Kidd, who walked quite slowly and appeared weak, and the Slasher proceeded at once to the office of Weisel, the lawyer in Center street.

They found the lawyer in a study which Weisel started in astonishment when he looked in the face of the young man.

"Allow me to introduce myself, sir," said Kidd. "I am Allyne Strathroy, the first. The child of Lizzie Strathroy—maiden name, Lizzie Duke—the sister of this gentleman."

"What?" exclaimed Weisel, astounded beyond measure at this strange introduction.

"You can easily see by my face, sir, that I am Allyne Strathroy, the elder, for I have been told that there is a strong resemblance between myself and my half-brother," said Kidd.

"A wonderful resemblance!" exclaimed the lawyer.

"It will be an easy thing, sir, to prove my identity," said Kidd. "The woman who took care of me when I was a child is in New York. Her name is Mary Kand, but she is more commonly called Irish Molly."

Here was another surprise for the lawyer. He had really stumbled upon the actual witness, in his quest to find one to represent her.

"Besides which, sir, you are probably aware that the first Allyne Strathroy had a peculiar mark upon the right arm."

"He had, sir," said Weisel, who was already convinced that the man who stood before him was Allyne Strathroy—the first Allyne—the undoubted heir to the estate, beyond the shadow of a doubt.

"The mark on the arm was three moles forming a triangle, was it not?"

"It was, sir."

"Look!" said Kidd, rolling up his right shirt-sleeve, and there on the arm, clear and distinct, were the three moles forming the triangle. There could not be a doubt as to the identity of the heir.

"My little stake is gone up in a balloon!" muttered Weisel, in disgust.

"I suppose, Mr. Weisel, that you will have no objection to undertaking the charge of my case?" said Kidd.

"Of course not, sir," exclaimed Weisel, in joy at the prospect of getting something to reward him for his trouble.

"You had better see Mr. Allyne Strathroy—the second Allyne, who has so long enjoyed what is mine by rights—at once," said Kidd.

"No need of that," observed Weisel. "Mr. Chubbet is the lawyer retained by him. But there isn't any need of seeing any of the opposing party. Your case, sir, is good beyond a doubt. I should let the first notification be the serving of the papers."

"No, I prefer to see this Mr. Chubbet. I have an idea that my rights will not be contested, but that they will yield the estate without a struggle," said Kidd.

"I think not, sir; but still, have your own way in the matter. We can take a coach and go to the lawyer's house at once."

The three left the office, got into a hack and proceeded up-town.

Now see on what little, trivial things hangs the destiny of man.

The hack went up Broadway, but was stopped in its course—right in front of the Metropolitan Hotel—by a slight jam of vehicles in the street. Something very unusual on that part of Broadway.

Kidd put his head out of the coach window to discover what the matter was.

A man standing on the steps of the Me-

ropolitan Hotel caught sight of his face. He was one of a little knot of gentlemen who were talking together. But the moment his eyes fell upon the face of Kidd looking from the coach window, he started as though struck by an electric shock.

The vehicles disengaged themselves from the jam, and the coach containing the three whose progress we are tracing went on.

The man on the steps turned hastily to one of his companions.

"Thorne," he said, "have you a revolver?"

"Yes," he answered.

"Lend it to me, quick."

Somewhat astonished, the gentleman handed the revolver—a small Smith and Wesson's.

"I'll see you again," he said, hastily, to his friends; then he ran to one of the hackmen standing on the curbstone.

"You see that hack with the gray horses?" he said, pointing to the one that held the three.

"Yes."

"Ten dollars if you'll follow that hack!"

Then he jumped into the coach. The driver mounted and they followed in pursuit.

Up Broadway went the hack containing the three, turned into Madison avenue, and drove to the residence of Chubbet. The coach in chase halted half a block below.

The three entered the house.

James Kidd—or Allyne Strathroy, as he now claimed to be—had little idea that the avenger was on his track.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE FATE OF JAMES KIDD.

LAWYER CHUBBET received his visitors in his parlor. Like all the rest, he started in astonishment, when he beheld the strange resemblance that Kidd bore to Allyne Strathroy.

Briefly Kidd explained who he was and his claim to the Strathroy estate.

"Well," said Chubbet, "I do not think that your claim will be disputed. Mr. Allyne Strathroy, your half-brother, who has held the estate, is dead, and has left no heirs who will contest your rights under the will of your father." Then Chubbet briefly explained the circumstances of Allyne's death at the hands of the police while he was striving to escape from them.

"I suppose the evening papers will have a full account of the death of the unfortunate young man to whom you bear such a striking resemblance," he said, in conclusion.

"Then my just claim to my father's property will not be disputed?" said Kidd, a look of triumph upon his face.

"Not by me, sir," replied the lawyer.

"All you will have to do is to prove your identity—which I have no doubt you can easily do—and you can take possession of the estate without a contest."

"At last I triumph!" muttered Kidd between his teeth in fierce joy.

Then a servant entered the room.

"Two gentlemen are at the door and wish to see Mr. Chubbet on particular business; also Mr. Kidd," said the servant.

Kidd's face wore a look of apprehension. How could any one know that he was there?

"Show them in," said Chubbet.

The servant retired.

An apprehension of danger came over Kidd. His brow became overcast, and he nervously clutched a knife which he had concealed in his pocket.

The door opened and the servant ushered in the actor, Edmund Mordaunt, and a policeman.

Mordaunt was the man who had followed the three in the hack.

The bullet fired by Allyne Strathroy which had felled him to the floor, apparently lifeless, had only stunned him. It had passed along the side of his temple, just grazing it, and that was all.

It was evidently not in his destiny to die by the hand of Allyne Strathroy, for thrice had he sought to take the life of the actor, and thrice his efforts had failed.

When Kidd's eyes fell upon the face of Mordaunt, he seemed like one struck by the lightning's bolt. His face became livid, and but for the support of the chair by which he was standing, he would have fallen to the floor.

"Living!" he muttered, between his clenched teeth.

"Sir," said the actor, addressing the lawyer, "for the second time I come to your house on a mission of vengeance."

"What do you mean?" asked Chubbet, in amazement.

"I come to arrest that man for murder!" Mordaunt exclaimed, pointing to Kidd.

"Murder?" cried in astonishment all except Kidd. He did not show a sign of wonder, but with a powerful effort he faced his accuser.

"Of whose murder am I charged?" he asked, in a cold, unnatural voice.

"Of the murder of Allyne Strathroy," replied Mordaunt.

"But how can that be possible?" exclaimed the lawyer, in wonder. "Allyne Strathroy was shot by the police, and sunk beneath the water in the East river last night."

"Sir, you have been the victim of a bold and heartless deception," replied Mordaunt. "Allyne Strathroy was lured to a house in Baxter street, and there murdered by this man some weeks ago."

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Lynching a Mail Robber.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

THE mail coach, late one afternoon in the autumn of 1899, was slowly ascending the long, steep grade that winds like a huge serpent up the rugged side of Muldrow's Hill—now penetrated by the great tunnel through which thunder the daily trains in their transit over the Louisville and Nashville railroad—the weary horses panting under their heavy burden, but yet held to their work by whip and voice of the sturdy driver.

At the time of which I speak the country in this region was almost in its primeval condition, and one might travel for a day or more off the turnpike road and not see the smoke of a settler's cabin.

But while the honest pioneer had but rarely found his way thither, there was another class who had, and that in considerable numbers. I allude to the bands of horse-thieves, mail-robbers, cut-throats, etc., who, fleeing from the strong arm of the violated law, found refuge amid the dense thickets, caves and secluded valleys of this branch of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

The mail coach, by means of which most of the travel between the two cities, Louisville and Nashville, was performed, had been robbed on several occasions by these freebooters, and in one or two cases, where resistance was offered, cold-blooded murder had been done.

Thus it came that men who traveled this route did so with the expectation of meeting with difficulties of this nature, and consequently carried but little of value, while they went heavily armed.

On the present occasion the coach was crowded to its utmost capacity, more than half the occupants being women and children, who, in case of attack, would prove an embarrassment rather than any assistance.

That which was so much feared did not fail to take place.

The stage was making the last turn of the steep ascent previous to getting upon level ground, when suddenly half a dozen figures leaped from the thickets upon either side of the road, and grasped the heads of the horses, while double that number made for and surrounded the stage itself.

The demand from the leader of the band to quietly surrender was replied to by a shot from the interior of the vehicle, and the robber, struck full between the eyes, threw up his arms with a wild gesture, and fell dead in his tracks.

This was, of course, the signal for a general attack upon the passengers, and for a short time it looked as though all would be murdered.

The man who had first fired, a young Kentuckian, was dragged and slain while desperately fighting. Two other men were also murdered, and one bright-eyed little fellow of some ten years was instantly killed by a chance ball fired by the robbers.

Upon the death of this child hinges the story that follows.

The lad was traveling with his mother, a widow, and was her only child. They were returning to their home in Tennessee after a long jaunt northward, where, in some of the cities through which they had passed, the lad had purchased a fine, thoroughbred water spaniel, which was lying at his feet when he was shot. The intelligent animal evinced almost human sorrow at the fate of its young master, and more than once flew at those who came near where the widow was holding the dead boy in her arms.

The resistance made to the robbers soon ceased, and after pillaging the persons and baggage of all present, they shouldered the mail-bags, and moved off into the timber, where they were soon lost sight of.

The dog followed them a short distance into the wood, sniffing at the trail and barking savagely, but soon returned and resumed his place by the side of the child's body.

At the next station the alarm was given, and messengers, mounted upon the team that was to have been put to, started in various directions to apprise the farmers and settlers of the outrage, and thus bring together the "vigilance committee" recently formed for mutual protection.

During the whole night these men, some of them from a long distance, kept pouring into the little station, and when the sun rose there had assembled some forty or more strong, stalwart backwoodsmen, each bearing his long rifle, their bronzed features wearing a look of stern resolve that boded but little of good to the wretch that fell into their hands.

The sight of the widowed mother, and childless as well, moved their rugged natures to the very center, and though they spoke but little, and that in low tones, yet it was easy to be seen that they intended a swift and deadly vengeance.

It was their first meeting since organizing the committee, but they went systematically to work.

Proceeding to the scene of the previous night's tragedy, they closely and carefully examined the trail, which was broad and plain, and at once prepared to follow.

It was here suggested that the dog might be of assistance, and indeed the animal seemed to be aware of the fact himself, as he was already nosing the trail, as though anxious to lead, which, upon a word of

encouragement, he did, closely followed by the men in a body.

Over mountain and valley, through tangled breaks and across water courses, the intelligent brute steadily and unerringly led the pursuers, until at noon, from the top of a high hill, they caught sight of a thin, blue column of smoke arising from the chimney of a small hut upon the opposite side of the mountain.

A consultation was here held, and it was decided that this must be the den of mail robbers, as none present knew of its existence or who lived within it.

The force was here divided, and the hut surrounded without alarming the inmates, though once or twice a man had appeared at the door, who gazed down into the valley, as though on the look-out for some arrival.

Once completely invested, preparations were made to attack, if necessary, the stronghold of their enemies.

Two of the men stepped slightly forward, and in a loud voice called upon the owner to come out.

They were instantly saluted by a rifle-shot, fired with fatal effect, as one of them fell forward upon his face without a groan.

This was the signal for a general attack, which was instantly made from every quarter, and so rapid was the movement, that the door was reached and entered before the bolts and bars could be shot into their places.

The attacking party had been correct in their supposition, for the cabin was, indeed, the headquarters of the band, who were then engaged in rifling the mail-bags stolen the night before.

Under such circumstances the conflict could not be otherwise than fierce and deadly. The freebooters neither asked nor expected quarter, and hence fought as only men can fight so circumstanced.

But numbers decided the day, and one by one the blood-stained villains went down under the knives and clubbed rifles of the infuriated settlers.

A tall, raw-boned woman seemed to lead the robbers, fighting with the ferocity of a tigress robbed of her young, and apparently bearing a charmed life, for though ever in the thickest of the fray, she had escaped injury.

At length all had fallen save this woman and one other, a thick-set, brutish-looking fellow, who, from a corner of the room into which he had backed, for a long time kept his assailants at bay. The woman, who had managed to work her way to a position near the door, clearing her path with a heavy rifle, which she wielded as though it had been a straw, suddenly sprung through the entrance, and with a yell of defiance, disappeared down the slope of the mountain.

A moment after the man was knocked down and secured, and the victory was complete.

Half an hour later, a solemn scene was being enacted beneath the overhanging branches of a great oak that stood near the hut.

The man whom we have described as being the last to yield, was standing within a circle of stern and lowering faces, his arms pinioned to his sides, and a rope around his neck.

The vigilance committee had just passed sentence of death upon him, and some of the members were preparing to execute it.

To the uninitiated their proceedings would have been a complete mystery.

Beyond the great oak, in an open space, grew two tall hickory trees, probably three or four inches in thickness, and standing some twenty feet, or more, apart.

The branches and tops of these had been lopped off, and the men were now engaged in bending them inward, so as to make the tops of the two unite.

This, after much labor, was accomplished, and then the trembling wretch was led forward.

As his eye fell upon the fearful arrangement by which he was to die, he uttered a shriek of terror, and would have fallen save for the support rendered upon either side by his conductors.

In vain he pleaded a different mode of death; not a word was spoken in reply, as stern and grim his executioners led him forward.

With strong cords his arms were lashed to the tops of the banded trees, now held in position by a heavy rope that connected the two. A moment was given the wretched creature for prayer, and then, at a signal from the leader, the restraining bond was severed by the blow of a hatchet, the trees sprung upward and outward with terrific force, and the doomed man, his limbs wrenched from their sockets, and howling with the dreadful torture, hung suspended in mid-air.

For a few seconds he swayed up and down between the elastic trees, and then became motionless, at which instant the sharp crack of a rifle broke the death-like silence, the body was seen to spring convulsively upward, and then, as the head fell forward upon the breast, a small, round hole, directly between the eyes, from which the blood was flowing in a tiny stream, showed where the fatal bullet had struck.

The woman had robbed the executioners of half their vengeance.

This was a death blow to the robbers in that section, as they were never after bold enough to face the "regulators."

Cruiser Crusoe:
LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST.

NUMBER THIRTY-ONE.

I was up early, as, despite the fatigue and exhaustion consequent on my shipwreck, my mind was in a perfect flutter of anxiety to know what had occurred in my absence. My dog had not yet reappeared, but toward breakfast-time he came back, followed by the whole tribe, looking rather shy and wild, it is true, but still evidently glad to see me.

I shouldered my gun, and determined at once to let them feel the advantage of my presence, than which nothing more tames such animals; I took them toward the pig-pen, where I saw, by the wild way of the porkers, they had been before. The moment they saw the dogs, they came rushing to the rail, and put themselves on the defensive. The array of tusks was rather formidable, and doubtless the dogs had found it so, for they held back yelping and shrieking.

I then shot two fat pigs, which terrifying the others, they retreated, so that I was able to provide myself and my beasts with a supply of fresh meat. I took all that I required, and hanging it up, abandoned the rest to the dogs, who, having waited patiently for some time, while I did the butchering, then fell to and enjoyed themselves evidently with singular delight.

I myself, however, proceeded on my way, being anxious to visit the beautiful valley of the gazelles, which now, that there was some chance of my family being increased, did appear to me to be a most important feature in my domestic economy. Yes, this was the notion that filled my mind. If the inhabitants of the village on the coast were indeed my friends and relatives, they would certainly try to reach my island, which Pablina must have described in such a way as to make them fully aware it could bear us all.

Of course I could not be certain that they were the persons I had seen, but still my instinct seemed to tell me it was so. After my own misfortunes and mishaps, it was scarcely to be expected that I should again take heart of grace and make me another canoe. But they, being many, would doubtless find it easy to do so, especially if they were the persons I fondly hoped they were.

I had seen many beautiful places on my island, but I thought nothing half so exquisite as my valley of the gazelles now appeared to my delighted eyes. The whole was one mass of lovely vegetation. The palm trees had sprung up, the grass was luxuriant, while the number of the gazelles had greatly increased, and I thought the little ones the sweetest and most beautifully-formed creatures I had ever witnessed.

My ostriches stalked about with imposing gravity, evidently on the best of terms with the gazelles, though they generally kept themselves at the scrubby and arid end of the valley. They had grown very much larger. But what excited my attention most was the fact that all the does were amply supplied with milk, which made me drive two of them into the pen; that, having given them a goodly supply of food, I might on the next day, myself enjoy the luxury of a bowl of milk, of which I was always wonderfully fond.

This done, my steps were retraced in another direction. What had become of my zebra, or had my absence entirely deprived me of possession of my steeds? On this point I was peculiarly anxious, as, make up my mind to be calm as much as ever I would, my ideas would still run on that village on the vast African shore.

They were grazing happily and peacefully in the old place, but evidently very shy. The sight of a gourd full of corn did not appear to incite them to any familiarity with their old master, who was, however, determined to recapture horse and zebra, even if the lasso had to be employed again. But this proved not to be necessary, for after some delay the horse, with that instinctive fondness for man which so often characterizes him, walked up to me, and after rubbing his nose against mine, proceeded to eat the corn.

The zebra was evidently watching him, so I too was quick and careful, and when the beautiful creature came up after his companion, I contrived to have a halter ready for him. This done, I leaped on his bare back and rode him home, leading the horse, and followed by the young zebra.

My intention was to scour the island ere I settled down to work. I was ill at ease, dissatisfied, discontented. I did not know how to begin. Sometimes the idea would creep over me that at any sacrifice I would build myself another boat, and either search out the settlers on the shore, or sail down the coast of Africa until I reached the straits, which, in fine weather, did not seem to be such a difficult adventure.

But first I would reconnoiter the coast, and find out if, indeed, it would be impossible to cross over to the mainland on a raft, and walk back to the settlement. With this view my preparations were made. A supply of pork, some cakes, a gourd of rum and water, powder and shot were placed to my hand; while my very best guns were all examined, and one remarkable for its lightness, and yet the large ball it carried, selected.

At daybreak the zebra was saddled, and

myself upon him, and on my way, though at first I had quite enough to do to manage her, so wild and skittish had she grown. As there was every sign of a change in the weather, I took with me my lion's skin, for on rising during the night to listen to some strange noise outside, I had felt the night air to be particularly chilly and damp.

The way selected was one almost new. It lay between the lake of my summer-house and the sea-coast, toward some woods, which had excited my curiosity from the peculiar appearance of the trees. I did not hurry my steed this day, even dismounting several times and walking; so that, what with excursions to the right and left, very little, if any, real progress was made.

A fire was very welcome that night, the stars being clear, and the air very keen and bracing. Near this it was pleasant to lie, while my zebra, duly hopped, stuffed herself with reeds and green grass, which was all it had, except just one handful of corn. Before me, in the morning, was a ridge, the ground of which was a kind of crisp gravel; while to my left lay broken, rocky ground; and to the right, a chaos of broken crags and rugged hills.

Then came in sight the woods I have already alluded to.

Suddenly I started. What was this I saw in the soft earth? I knew it at once to be what the Cape hunters call the spoor or mark of an animal, though of what nature I really could not tell. Dismounting, however, a careful examination soon convinced me of its real character; and with a beating heart I remounted, and forcing my steed to a trot, descended the slope toward the wood.

My hunting propensities were aroused, and in a very few moments my expectations were realized, for among a lot of bushes, and quietly browsing on a camel-thorn tree, was a splendid giraffe. Away, like the wind, I darted, now urging my swift little zebra to her utmost speed, and succeeded in getting within fifty yards of the magnificent animal before she saw me.

Then, off she was at a great rate, crushing through bushes that were excessively annoying to my steed, which rather resented such rough treatment. Not wishing to lose my first giraffe, and forgetting in my excitement how little use she would prove, I fired my gun, and, as luck would have it, hitting her on the quarter, she went at once at a much less rapid pace. Still it was painful to follow, especially as I had to load as I galloped.

Hoping to take another mile or so out of the animal, I fired again, but without success; after which, having once more loaded, away my faithful zebra was started in pursuit. Having become fat and bloated with too much rest and grass, she was soon blown, so that my only hope was to overtake and confront the animal.

I was riding parallel to my prey, which bled from its wound, but looking at the camelopard, instead of before me, I was very nearly having a fall in a dried-up water course; but seeing it just in time, I managed to make the zebra carry me over, and fully aware that every thing now depended on the next few minutes, rode with all the skill I could, not sparing heel or thigh.

My brave little zebra, now evidently excited by the chase, then beat her, and passed her. But the great and somewhat unwieldy giraffe would not be checked. Then she came headlong on; my steed firm, with her legs well out, very likely glad to be reined up and gain her breath. My gun was lowered. The giraffe came at me with a most vicious glance. I fired just as her head was over me, and the huge beast tossed her head back; the blood spirted from her nostrils, she turned, staggered, and sought once more to fly.

But I was determined not to let the poor brute escape, simply from those hunting instincts which belong to all of my nation. My gun was hastily loaded, my zebra urged slowly after her, and then once more a bullet, which penetrated the brain, settled the contest.

I had shot my first giraffe. I verily believe I was chiefly to convince myself that I had not committed a wanton murder, that I was soon engaged in the task of flaying the animal, and cutting off large steaks, as well as securing the marrow-bones, which would, I knew, make a most delicious soup. The meat, required keeping, but to a hungry man every thing is welcome, so I managed to make a meal.

My zebra was completely done up. The chase had been a heavy one, and rest was absolutely necessary; so I was again obliged to prepare a camp, while doing which I fell upon some ostrich eggs, of which I eat one for a late supper. I often used to think of the quaint old traveler who said: "I have read in some old-fashioned books of fiction, entitled 'Natural History,' that an ostrich egg will feed six men; but I know that I could finish one before supper. But then I enjoyed the blessing of a good appetite."

Unless during illness, and under one or two circumstances which will be explained fully as I proceed, appetite was never that which was wanting; nor, through the blessing of Providence, the means of satisfying it. There were all the animals, trees, plants and streams of the island at my service, with none to interfere, or say me nay.

It was a sultry morning when I rose, and, as after breakfast, I made my way

through the camel-thorn trees, thorn bushes and stunted grass, I noticed a want of life in the landscape. The grass was quite withered, and the bushes stunted and sear. No birds could be seen or heard, and every feature looked quiet and dead under the most saddening of all lights, a blazing sun in an unclouded sky.

Then the scene changed like magic, and there were the distant hills of the coast of Africa, a sloping ground intersected with bushes and trees, and below, the shining, gorgeous sea, as blue as the hot, unclouded sky above.

I had thus reached the temporary end of my journey, for it was with a view to examine into the capacities of this channel for being traversed that I had traveled so far from home. I looked warily around, fearing every moment to find myself in the propinquity of a village of Fan Indians, whom I was quite sure were periodically in the habit of visiting its tempting shores.

This had not so forcibly impressed itself on my mind as it should have done; but now I was near the place where I began to be very wary and cautious, dismounting from my steed, walking it, and peering into every bush and thicket as I advanced.

In this way I reached the shore and drew forth my most valuable of instruments—my telescope.

A large temporary town had been erected on the shores of the coast, huts had been placed in rather systematic order, while a large spear, that I could distinctly make out, marked the tent of a chief.

Now, what could all this indicate? Why had they come down to that desolate coast? Was it to deal in gold-dust, slaves and ivory with the infamous traders? or were they about to make a raid upon my island? In my nervous state of mind this latter idea prevailed, and, forgetting all else, I mounted and rode away toward the more deserted part of the island; nor did I stop until I had reached my cave, where I remained two whole days, collecting my thoughts, ere I ventured a hundred yards from home.

Then, reflection coming to my assistance, I hit upon several plans to avoid meeting with the negroes.

In the first place I determined to draw a line of demarcation between my own and that part of the island where elephants were found, as these were the prey they chiefly came in search of. This line I would not pass. I would trust to the lake keeping the secret of my bower; while my own part of the island, having no game to speak of at all, would present so little attraction for them as to run little risk of being visited, unless my presence was suspected.

Now this was not likely; but still, as one can not be too safe, it was my firm resolve to reserve my powder, and to depend on bows and arrows, traps and even on the boomerang—such as I made in the early times—rather than use my powder. This I now resolved to husband for two reasons: first, because it was my only hope in a contest with savages; and next, because it might be the means of attracting their particular and curious attention.

I was not without hope of making gunpowder; but then, I had many other things to do, such as extending my plantation, improving and extending my gazelle valley—this was my favorite idea—and completing my fortifications, which might, in the long run, be my last hope.

To this latter task, I determined to devote my first energies; the preservation of our lives being the very first idea that presents itself to man.

Coming. We have in hand, from a favorite story writer, a splendid

STORY OF NEW ENGLAND LIFE in which the lively factory operative and the aristocratic, purse-proud employer are the central figures, illustrating vividly some of the realities of the power of money. It is a story of intense dramatic and personal interest—one to arrest the attention of all classes of readers.

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TO A WATER LILY.

BY WILLIAM W. LONG.

Pale lily, with thy pensive grace,
Bending in beauty o'er the water's rippling face;
Shedding thy fragrance on the summer air,
Sweet sister of the white rose fair,
Within thy shady nook I love to dwell,
When vesper chime the day's farewell,
And pale stars gleam from evening's sky,
In diamonds bright upon the water rippling by;
And gentle night-birds, in the forest shade,
Wake mournful music in the wood and glade;
And Luna sheds her pale, soft, silvery light,
Upon the sleeping world, in colors bright.

The Spirit of the Forest;
OR,
CLIPPING A CURL.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

"JUD FORSYTH, you are the rashest young man I ever heard tell of," said one of three men who were seated on the bank of a little wooded lake in Maine.

The person addressed was a handsome, beardless young hunter, who was counting the bullets in his pouch contained. The speaker was a middle-aged man, who, from his appearance, had seen hard service in the backwoods. He looked half-angrily upon his younger brother hunter, who did not reply until he had dropped the last ball back into the buckskin pouch, and muttered "twenty-seven."

"You may just talk as you please, Tom," he said. "I have determined to go, and the whole world could not alter my determination. One year ago I first heard about the Spruce, and I said that if I ever got in this country I would see and satisfy myself. I am here now, and I am about to leave you. I guess twenty-seven bullets will hold me out. Where will I meet you, one month from this day?"

"Not on this earth, Jud, not in this world," replied the middle-aged hunter. "I tell you that you will never leave your country alive. Mark my words, and think of them when you find yourself the 'Twitees' prisoner. All this is for a rash desire to see if there is a spirit in the woods around Mightiwicewantoc lake. I tell you, rash boy, that there are no such things as spirits."

"People differ on such matters, Tom, and I, for one, believe in spirits. But look! The sun kisses the waters, and it is time for me to be off to the spirit land."

The young man smiled, picked up his rifle, and rose to his feet. His companions followed his example, and they stood face to face. Tom Fuller's heart was very sad. He could not speak. He had long loved Judson Forsyth, as though he were his own son, and to see him depart alone upon his intended rash mission almost broke his old hunter's heart.

He tried to speak, but signally failed, and, at last, took the young hunter's hand. "Good-by, Tom," said Forsyth. "You have been a father to me, and I abominate the thought of leaving you now. But I am going. Tell me where I will meet you one month from this day."

Poor, said Tom Fuller did not utter a word, and Forsyth addressed the third hunter.

"Where will I meet you, Bob?"

"At Mitchell's fort on the St. Lawrence, I reckon," was the reply, and a moment after wringing their hands, Judson Forsyth was gone.

The two remaining hunters returned to their little fire on the banks of the lake, gathered up their hunting accoutrements, and took their departure without having uttered a single word.

Tom, the elder, was greatly downcast and sad in spirit, and his companion did not attempt to disturb him.

At last they reached the edge of the forest that contained the little lake, and then Tom Fuller paused. He turned to his companion and pointed into the great wood.

"He is gone, gone forever!" he said, sadly. "We have seen him for the last time."

"We will see if you are a true prophet, Tom Fuller!"

But, before we follow the young hunter, let us glance at the object of his journey. About seventy miles northwest of Lake Mightiwicewantoc was a circular body of water, called Lake Mightiwicewantoc, or "Little Spirit Lake." This lake, and the forest surrounding it, old hunters declared to be haunted, and accordingly gave it a wide berth. They said, that, at the hour of midnight, a tiny canoe shot out from the shore of the lake, and after skimming over the moonlit waters a short time, would mysteriously disappear. This phantom canoe had one occupant, a female form, clad in white, whose hands seemed scarcely to touch the paddles.

Now, this is the story the hunters told, and it found many believers. But none were bold enough to attempt to solve the mystery, and at last the tale reached Judson Forsyth's ears. He believed in spirits, because, when a boy, his father told him that they actually visited this mundane sphere, and he resolved that, if ever the proper opportunity afforded itself, he would solve the mystery to his own satisfaction.

As we have seen, the opportunity came, and he was eager to carry his bold resolution into effect. He well knew that his companions could not be persuaded to accompany him, for they stood pledged to be at a certain trading-post upon a day which was at no great distance. Therefore, he was compelled to go alone.

It was nightfall when the young and fearless hunter entered the great haunted forest. He had traveled many a weary mile that seemingly endless day, and joyfully he welcomed night, and a spot where he could build a fire and go to sleep.

Morning found him again on the tramp, and when evening shadows were gathering among the gaunt pines, he found himself on the northern shore of the spirit lake.

"The phantom shoots its canoe from yonder shore," he murmured, looking obliquely across the placid sheet of water. "I will remain here and await results."

He leaned against a tall pine, and, folding his strong arms, narrowly watched the point where the spirit canoe and its occupant always made their first appearance.

For near an hour he stood motionless, seeing nothing but tall trees and mellow water, and hearing no sound save the sighing of the leafless branches many feet above his head.

"It must be getting on toward the middle of the night," he muttered at last, seating himself at the foot of the tree. "And the phantom has not made its appearance. But

I'll not leave this spot till daylight, phantom or no phantom."

He put himself into a comfortable position, and watched on. Perhaps two more hours had passed before any thing unusual occurred. All at once a startled bird flew from Spirit Point, and flapped its wings in the hunter's face.

"Now, look out for ghosts!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet. "No animal could have frightened that bird."

He had scarcely finished when a canoe shot into the lake from the spot whence the bird had flown. A nameless chill, which the hunter could not resist, crept over him, and a supernatural feeling took possession of his mind. But, with a great effort, he drove it thence, and narrowly watched the scene upon the water.

The canoe was just large enough to contain a single person, and its present occupant, who really seemed more spirit than flesh, sent it skimming over the smooth surface like an arrow. It was the form of a woman; but a watery moon afforded the hunter a poor view of the features. A long, white robe, the ends of which hung over the sides of the canoe, covered the spirit form, and two white feathers towered above the head. Long midnight tresses fell upon a white bosom, and presented, in the strange light, a vivid, wild and ghastly contrast.

Many a fantastic movement the canoe executed under the guidance of its strange occupant, which the hunter believed to be a spirit.

At last, and very suddenly, it disappeared near the opposite shore, and for some time Forsyth believed that his optics had deceived him. He looked again, but the canoe had really disappeared—where, he could not tell. Trying in vain to solve the mysterious disappearance to his mental satisfaction, he hurried to the southern shore of the lake; but nothing rewarded his search—not a single trace of the canoe could be found.

"To-morrow night," said he to himself, as he walked from the lake, "I'll solve the mystery. I'll send a bullet after the occupant of the canoe, which will prove if she is a spirit or not."

Not a great distance from the lake, the hunter collected some dry branches of pine, and soon had a good fire, which relieved the semi-gloom of the forest. There, before the fire, he threw himself, and soon fell into a sound sleep.

He knew that he was in the country of the warlike Twitees; but he did not fear disturbance while he slept. He did not

think of any thing save the phantom of the forest, which he had seen and marveled at.

It was broad day when Forsyth was suddenly awakened by a falling bough. The fire was not entirely extinguished—the end of one stick was still burning, and sent a volume of smoke curling toward the tops of the trees.

The young hunter had not yet gained his feet, when the sound of rapid footsteps startled him. He was up in an instant and beheld a white-robed form darting through the forest with the swiftness of a frightened doe.

"The spirit!" he cried, recognizing the white robe. "The spirit of the lake!"

His trusty rifle had struck his shoulder, and the next instant the ball slid from the barrel.

A white hand grasped a tress of raven hair, and the white robe fell to the ground. The "spirit" paused, and then confronted the astonished hunter. Before he could collect his scattered senses, the white form was bounding toward him, and in one of the hands lay one of the long, black curls.

It took but another minute for them to meet, and Forsyth threw his gun at his feet, and started back against a circular knoll, in the center of which slept, perhaps, a great Twitee chief. And then his astonishment did not diminish when the curl was thrust into his hand, and he beheld its owner gaze shudderingly upon it with clasped hands.

The hunter knew that she was thinking of his almost fatal shot, and her truly hair-breadth escape. For some moments her gaze remained fixed upon the severed lock, when unable to restrain his curiosity longer, Forsyth ejaculated:

"Who are you?"

She raised her deep-blue eyes, and eyed him strangely.

"White Robe understands not the words of Curl Shooter," she said, at last, in the language of the Twitees.

Then the hunter, who was conversant with the language of the Indian tribes of Maine, put the interrogation in her own language and received a reply.

"White Robe is the child of Tall Pine, the Twitee," said the girl.

"Is Tall Pine a full-blooded Twitee?" asked the hunter, wondering how one so white could be the child of a red-man.

"No other blood than Twitee runs in Tall Pine's veins," answered the girl.

Then Forsyth questioned her as closely as he dared. She was unquestionably a white; but she maintained, for a long time, that she was the legitimate daughter of the Twitee chief. At last the hunter convinced her that

such could not be the case. He compared her skin to that of the Indians, and she then believed that she had been stolen, probably from one of the settlements on the St. Lawrence, when she was a babe.

With the discovery of her true descent came a desire to leave the Twitees, and live once more among her own people.

Together they fled, and after many thrilling adventures, succeeded in reaching Mitchell's fort, on the boundary river. Tom Fuller was the first to grasp Forsyth's hand.

"For once, boy, I've turned out a false prophet," he cried. "And I thank the good Lord that I have. You'll marry the spirit, won't you, Jud?"

"Nonsense, Tom," cried the hunter. "I'll do no such thing. I shall never marry."

"Jud Forsyth, you lie!" cried the old hunter. "I see it in your eye."

Whether Tom saw the falsehood in Forsyth's eye or not, he was correct, for the young hunter subsequently wedded, as he persisted in calling his love, the Spirit of the Forest, who, having no surname to change, became *Curly* Forsyth. And the great forest was haunted no more.

A Good Love Story.—The divine passion will have a startling exposition in a tale of to-day, soon to be commenced in our columns, from the pen of a powerful and highly popular writer. Since the days of "Fashion and Famine," nothing has been given more real and impressive as a photograph of heart and passion life. It is one of the good things we have reserved for our guests.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

Old Rube and the Mad "Cat."

"Come now, Rube, you promised us the story about the half-breed and his cat, and now is the very time for it," I said, coaxingly, while the old ranger was cutting up his "nigger-head" into small bits, preparatory to filling his pipe.

"Did I promise the story? Well, if I did I'll tell it, but I'll swear I'd rather take a dose of the nastiest kind of medicine for it makes my old bones shake to think of that cussed cat as the half-breed set onto me."

"That war five of us trappin' in shares, that winter, an' one of the party war a half-breed—Canadian, Frenchman, Injun, an' I ain't sartin but that war some nigger, all mixed up, an' a nice mess it made! But, to

give the devil his due, he war as good a hunter, an' could handle a trap as cleverly as any other man on the border, an' ef it hadn't a-been for his inborn, natural meanness an' rascality, he'd a-done well an' made friends of us all."

"But, when the Old Nick is inter a feller, he'll show up one't in a while, spite of all ye can do, an' so 'twas with Pierre. That war his name."

"Well, my range, that is the ground occupied by the traps, an' Pierre's lay next one another. So him an' me war thrown together a good deal, an' before the winter war half over I'd begun to like the feller right down well."

"For a while every thing went on all right, but by 'nby I begin to notice that while my traps were often empty, Pierre's war allers full, at least he brought in more than any other two of us put together. An' when some of the boys, jokin' like, you know, said they believed he an' the beavers an' muskrats war in cahoot, he flew up into a big rage, an' swore we didn't know how to trap, an' that war the reason he beat 'em so bad."

"Now that warn't no cause for the Canadian to git mad over sich a little thing, so I begin to think that that war suthin' behind all this, an' determined to see what it war."

"I warn't long in findin' out, neither; an' what do you think war the reason he war so lucky?"

"Why, the mean skunk war robbin' my traps, an' puttin' the game into his own! You see, he would slip off afore daylight, visit my traps, that war close to whar his war, an' then after cleanin' them he'd creep back an' go out with me at the reg'lar time."

"But, I caught him at it, an' you better believe that half-breed got the all-fired lickin' that war heard on, an' besides that he war kicked out of camp an' told to travel."

"Lordy! but the feller war mad, an' when he had got a little way off, he jess turned round an' shook his fist at us, as much as to say 'I'll get even with you fur this, an' then he went out o' sight, 'cross the river."

"Better watch that half-breed, Rube," says Burt Hanley, to me, but I only larked at him, an' thought no more of the matter, at least fur a time. But it warn't long before suthin' happened that fetched him back to my mind."

"Airly one mornin' when I war handlin' a trap, stooping down over it, crack went a rifle from 'o'other side of the river, an' off went my old castor, with a bullet-hole through it."

"Of course I knowed whose devilry that war, but, I kept quiet, an' lay fur the villain fur a week or two, but he war too smart fur me, an' got clear. When we first located in that place we had knocked up a tolerably good-sized ranch, big enough for all hands, but, arter awhile I felt sort o' cramped up like, too thick, you know, so I went to work an' built me a little shanty fur myself, an' a short distance off from 'o'other one. In this I slept nights, leavin' my things, rifle an' all, in the big house, as thar warn't room in the little one."

"Well, one night, about a month arter the half-breed had tried to rub me out down by the river, I war wakened up by the sound of a heavy storm ragin' an' t'arin' outside, an' fur a long time I lay listenin' to the thunder, an' wonderin' if the river would rise enough before mornin' to carry the traps off."

"I must a fell asleep ag'in, fur the next thing I remembered war a kin of scratchin' an' growlin' inside of the shanty; but it stopped all at oncet, an' I turned over, an' didn't wake ag'in till it war broad daylight. But when I did open my peepers, they fell upon a object that jess made my hair stand on end."

Seated, or ruther crouchin', on the floor, between me an' the door, war the biggest mountain cat that ever I see in twenty year's trappin'. The beast had been starved nigh to death, fur I could a counted every rib an' bone in its body, but thar war suthin' else that made my heart jump into my throat till I thought I would choke."

"The wild, glarin' eyes, an' the hard pantin', together with a thick, bloody mouth, that war gathered about the creeter's fowm, showed as plain as daylight, that it war stark, starin' mad, an' I knew if it oncet got his teeth an' claws into my flesh, if it war only my leetle finger, I war a gone coon an' no mistake."

"I tell you, lads, I thought fast, an' a heap of it. I see if I made a motion that the varmint would spring, besides which thar warn't no use a-movin', fur I hadn't a single weepin' fur it was in my belt long with my rifle an' things in 'o'other place. Thar war one thing that attracted my attention, an' that war, I saw on the creeter's hind leg a deep cut, all jagged an' torn, as if the teeth of a trap had been thar, an' with that I remembered Pierre, the half-breed, an' his threats."

"How long I sot that I don't know; it must a been more'n a hour, but I kept my eye fixed on the beast, never even blinkin',

for I knew that if I weakened or looked away, it would be onto me like a hungry duck onto a June bug."

"But, at last, the cussed thing begin to get oneasy. Its tail commenced to fuz up an' switch around, an' its claws to dig into the ground an' pull out ag'in with a sharp click, an' its eyes—lordy! what eyes the thing had—grew redder an' fiercer every minit."

"I know'd it war fixin' fur a spring; an' I reached round for my blanket, to try an' ketch it on the jump, an' mebbe in that way git clear of the house."

"At that minit I heard some of the boys movin', an' I fetched a loud whoop fur help, jess as the cat made his jump."

"The blanket war the best thing I could a had. I spread it out before me into a quick shake, an' the critter struck it right in the center, an' in a second I war off the bed, leavin' the cat tartin' an' howlin' an' doin' his best to get loose, while I made fur the door. As I went out I run ag'in Burt Hanley, who had heard my yell, an' who war comin', rifle in hand. The cat was still fast in the blanket, an' I tell you he war makin' the wool fly, when Burt poked his head inside, an' finished the cussed thing with a half-ounce ball."

"The half-breed let me alone arter that, thinkin', mebbe, that as that cat couldn't finish me, nuthin' could."

"But I'll be honest an' say that, if it didn't bite me to death, it come mighty nigh scarin' the life out of me."

Soon to Appear.—We have arranged soon to give our army of expectant readers and patrons, a strong, stirring, striking

ROMANCE OF THE WOODS, in which its wild, adventurous life will be presented in a masterly delineation, by one skilled himself in woodcraft and trail hunting. It will present our "civilization" in a strange aspect—wild and fierce, yet truly noble and daring.

OLD man, when your wife kisses you and says you are the best husband in the world, you can grab out your ear-trumpet and begin to listen for a plea in favor of a new dress for the best husband-in-the-world's wife.

It's a poor rule that has not more than one application, as the schoolmaster said while he was paddling a scholar the third time that mornin'.

THE fellow who lives under a liquor store prides himself on occupying a sub-Bourbon residence.

TRANSMIGRATION.

BY JOHN JOE, JR.

'Tis held by some that when men die
They do not straightway take to wings,
Through upper air to softly fly,
But turn to animals and things.

I don't take it upon myself
To say that this is really so,
But some peculiar traits in life
That it is true, would go to show.

I think the men who all their lives
Go on their noise will turn to frogs;
And it revives much to think
That some I know have turned to—bacon.

And it consoles me to believe
That he who his own worth declares,
And backs his views against the world's,
Will be presented with the ears.

The man who feels so very large,
Will turn into an elephant;
The man who's always feeling small,
Of course will be a little ant.

And as on down through all the line,
Each to his own, so friend, refrain
From throwing angry rocks at dogs,
For you might give your neighbors pain.

Beat Time's Notes.

PEOPLE make fun at me for my laziness, but I feel no shame about it, because I came by it honestly. I was street commissioner two years.

DRYDEN's celebrated line, modernized, reads: "The conscious nose beheld the wine and blushed." A decided improvement on the old rendering of *rose*.

I DON'T go many on the man that resolves to commence to quit chewing tobacco—writes the resolution on the back of the house with chalk, so that it will rub off—puts all his tobacco in a chest—locks it securely—throws the key in the well, and then cuts a hole in the chest large enough to get his hand in when, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary. I say I don't go many on him.

We should be self-reliant, whether we have five cents or only a dried herring in our pocket.

A NOVELIST speaks of his heroine's alabaster neck (ah, how easily broken!), her marble brow (how suitable for time to do a little engraving upon!), her auburn tresses (how indicative of love's pure flame!), her eyes that scintillate (a perfect piece of masonry!); says she is a dear duck, and has a throat like a swan—a duck with a swan's throat!—but he fails to say any thing of the duck's feet.

I DON'T know that I am different from anybody else. I believe I suffer more from cold in winter than in the summer; am subject to the loss of appetite after dinner; never put a looking-glass by my bed to see myself go to sleep; feel better when I am well than at any other time; drink whenever I get almost thirsty; and wake up the first thing I do in the morning. I think a good many other people do the same.

TWO ladies have their heads terribly stuck up—with hair-pins.

A POET sends me a poem, with the request that I scratch out the worst parts and have the balance printed. I scratched out the worst parts, but unfortunately there was nothing left to print.

A TIPSY fellow posted this warning to flies on his nose before he went to sleep: Five dollars fine for walking or driving faster than a trot over this bridge.

MOTHERS-IN-LAW, like a good many other things, will exist, although they are not an inevitable necessity.

A few hints for the entire subjugation of a mother-in-law I submit for the benefit of an anxious inquirer.

At first she will object to your coming to see her daughter.

At the second visit she will begin to occupy the parlor with the three little ill-mannered children, and utterly prevent any thing like a quiet talk with the bewitching daughter.

Of course you must show her all respect and nurse the children, not by turns, but all at once, and laugh heartily at any little thrusts they may make at you, and which they have been put up to do during the day by their mother.

While they pull your hair and repeat to you entertaining personal reminiscences of yourself taught them by the old lady, and which you had no idea were out, take it all good-humoredly.

If you had better talk lively, for you will find that no lack of conversation will send her out of the room.

The fact is, you must pay two courts to the old lady to one to the daughter.

Don't show any irritation, when you leave, because you are prevented from shaking hands or rubbing noses with the young lady in view, for this will last about six months, and you must get used to it.

Then you will be obliged to propose to the old lady for the daughter's hand, to which you will get not a very polite refusal, especially if much company is expected soon, and house-cleaning is to do.

As the day has been set between you, you argue the matter with the old lady, and lose some of your hair.

Old gentleman, not averse, finally gets old lady to consent to an ill-regulated marriage twelve months later than you have agreed upon between yourselves, and that with the emphatic understanding that the young lady shall have no clothes.

Finally, when the wedding takes place, you find the old lady very refrigerating. In fact, much so.

Twelve months after, she comes and takes entire charge of baby, boards with you, finds fault with the manner in which you provide, dictates what the wife ought to wear, and the best nights they ought to go to the opera, takes charge of the lecture department, reviews the way in which you treat your little family, and after the old gentleman is made an angel, of brings the balance of the family, and settles under the same roof, for the purpose of being near her daughter, and the first one at your table; and your happiness will begin the very moment that an overruling providence, in the guise of a tough piece of beefsteak, has occasion to stop in her thorax, while half-way on the road to the eternal oblivion of wasd victuals.

BEAT TIME.
P. S.—Since I have come to think, I can give no hints on the subjugation and management of mothers-in-law. B. T.

